

Semi-Monthly

No.

BEADLE'S
U.S.
VOL. 1

Novel Series.

158.

DIME NOVELS



THE BLUE ANCHOR.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, 98 WILLIAM and 41 PLATT ST., N. Y.
New England News Co., Boston, Mass.

Beadle's Dime Novels No. 159—Ready September 15.

SNOW BIRD: THE TRAPPER'S CHILD.

BY EDWARD WILLETT,
AUTHOR OF "THE HUNTER'S PLEDGE," "THE HIDDEN HOME," ETC.



As he did so, an unusually strong blast of wind swept across the plateau, and his horse, becoming frightened, suddenly rushed madly down the slope. The eyes of the others were so blinded by the wind and snow, that they could not see the course taken by the affrighted animal, that dashed and plunged through the drifts down the steep acclivity, until at last it rolled and plunged over and over, into a deep chasm filled with snow. Nothing more could be seen, but a whirling cloud of snow, that rose from the place where the horse and his rider were buried.





THE BLUE ANCHOR;

OR,

THE LOST BRIDE.

BY ROGER STARBUCK,

Author of the following Dime Novels:

No. 83. GOLDEN HARPOON.
" 87. ON THE DEEP.
" 90. CAST AWAY.
" 94. THE MAD SKIPPER.
" 99. OVERBOARD.

No. 108. THE LOST SHIP.
" 116. PORT AT LAST.
" 134. FOUL-WEAT'R JACK.
" 140. SHEET-ANCHOR TOM
" 148. OUTWARD BOUND.

NEW YORK:
BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM STREET.

THE BLUE ANGLOPS

DO

BY C. H. TAYLOR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by
BEADLE AND COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

(No. 158.)

BEADLE AND COMPANY,
NEW YORK,
PUBLISHERS.
1868.

BEADLE AND COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS,
NEW YORK.

THE BLUE ANCHOR.

CHAPTER I.

FOUNDERED.

THE ship Griffin, a New Bedford vessel, bound from her last port, the Sandwich Islands, to the East Indies, thence to go home by way of Cape Hope, was bowling along through the Japan Sea at the rate of twelve knots. The wind being fair off her quarter, she had studdingsails set fore and aft, while far aloft her skysails swept the blue sky like the bosoms of white sea-birds.

Many of her crew—active fellows in dark-blue shirts and trowsers—were, on this day, at work in her rigging, with marlinspike and mallet, singing and whistling while they toiled. Watching them as they sat astraddle of the swaying yard-arm, or hung by long, pendant ropes, swinging to and fro like spiders, stood a lady, a passenger, upon the quarter-deck, holding in her arms an infant son, a chubby little fellow a year old. The lady was Mrs. Brandon, wife of a whaling-captain, with whom she had sailed from New Bedford, in the ship Rockland. Arrived at the Sandwich Islands, he had left her there, to remain until his return from the Arctic ocean. A few months after his departure, a northern whaler came into port, bringing Mrs. Brandon a letter from her husband, stating that he had been wrecked off the Aleutian Islands, that he would have to wait there a long time before he could get his vessel off the rocks and repair damages, that he would not think of ever trusting his wife and child to such a “patched” craft, and that she, with his little son, had therefore better take passage for home in the first good vessel leaving the Islands.

With many regrets, with a singular presentiment weighing upon her mind, Mrs. Brandon, as shown, had complied with the request. Captain Blake, of the Griffin, being well

acquainted with her husband, showed her every kind attention; but, while very glad to find herself so comfortably situated, she yet could not rid herself of that strange uneasiness which had followed her like a shadow ever since she quitted Honolulu.

No such shadow rested upon the spirits of little Will, her infant son. He clapped his tiny hands merrily, and crowing with delight, sprung up and down in her arms, as if anxious to go to the men aloft. To sit thus upon his mother's arm, with the sunshine and blue water all around him, and a sugar-cake in one hand, was happiness enough for Master Will. Presently the cake dropped from his hand, and the mother was endeavoring to stoop to pick it up, when a bright-eyed lad, the cabin-boy, Harry Warlock, only ten years of age, came skipping along, and pushing a mass of dark-brown curls back from his brow, as he picked up the cake, put it in the little one's hands.

"That's a good boy," said Mrs. Brandon, kindly. "What is your name?"

"His name is Warlock, madam," said the captain, overhearing the remark, "and, young as he is, there is not a better sailor aboard this craft."

The lad colored modestly, and yet seemed pleased with the compliment. After he was gone, the captain went on to state that he was an orphan, the son of a deceased friend, and that he (the captain) had taken him to bring him up, and was determined to make a good sailor of him.

"I see," he added, putting his finger upon a BLUE ANCHOR, tattooed in India ink on little Will's left arm, "that my friend Brandon has commenced early to make a seaman of this young chap."

Just as the skipper finished speaking, a noise like rattling thunder was heard through the whole ship. Blake, starting, glanced aloft, to see every stitch of canvas slatting as if ready to go to pieces! He sprung to the helm with an angry ejaculation, but soon discovered that what was taking place was no fault of the man at the wheel. In a word the wind, with a suddenness truly appalling, had *died away*, there remained not a breath of air, and the sails, after a few useless struggles, hung motionless from the yards. At the same moment the

first-mate, with white face, came running up from the cabin, stating that the barometer was falling with unusual rapidity !

Meanwhile, a stifling oppression seemed to fill the air, the men looked in each other's faces, with serious eyes and ominous shakes of the head, now and then glancing up at the *cloudless* sky, over which a thin haze, scarcely perceptible, floated like some stealthy phantom, creeping to pounce unawares upon the devoted ship.

East, west, north and south glanced the captain ; then his voice rung through the vessel like the rattling of a chain-shot.

" In with skysails, royals and stinsails ! Stand by to clew up topsails ! "

The men sprung to obey. The studdingsails were hauled in quickly, and active forms ran aloft, like squirrels, to furl the lighter sails. Among them was little Warlock, who, young as he was, could " hand " (furl) a skysail or royal as well as any sailor in the ship.

" Bear a hand, there, aloft !" shrieked the captain, as an ominous buzzing, whizzing sound now became perceptible.

" Ay, ay !" was borne from the sunbrowned blue-jackets upon the yards.

At the same moment there was a rushing sound, like the flapping of unseen wings ; then, ripping up the sea in millions of white furrows, down upon the devoted ship a shrieking, howling TYPHOON—a yelling, screaming, gurgling typhoon—came crashing like an avalanche charged with ten-fold thunders !

There was not a cloud in the sky, not a speck upon the sun's disc, yet, far along the sea, the spray was whirled, twisted and torn into fantastic shapes, and the vast ocean seemed to rise and bubble, to roar and hiss, as if huge monsters were fighting in its fathomless depths.

Tearing through the waters with humming keel, quivering masts, timbers creaking, groaning, as if a wedge were rending them asunder, away went the ship, speeding like a rocket. A cracking, snapping sound ran along the masts like an electric shock ; the sheets parted, and the lighter canvas was in an instant torn to shreds.

Rolling and pitching violently, now lifted to the very heavens, then plunging bows and windlass under, the ship was hurled, driven onward like a mere chip before the shrieking tempest. Engulfed in volumes of water, which poured constantly over her as a cataract over a rock, the men on deck clinging to ropes and belaying-pins, dared not move a step lest they should be swept from their feet. The topsails, having been clewed up, many of the sailors were aloft, endeavoring to furl the canvas, but the sails, slatting about with a din like the rolling of whole platoons of musketry, knocked the men back as fast as they ventured upon the foot-rope. At length, some of the more daring, taking advantage of a heavy plunge of the vessel, causing the canvas to "belly in," threw themselves upon the foot-rope. As, half-blinded by the flying clouds of spray, they grasped the sail to draw it on the yard, the ship was tossed far up, the sail burst from the grasp of those who held it, parted both sheets, and flew straight up, then, with a report like thunder, came slatting down, beating the heads of the seamen until their senses nearly deserted them. One poor fellow, with a scream, was sent whirling, head downward, into the roaring, hissing pool of the stormy sea ; the rest only escaped a similar fate by the tearing asunder of the huge topsail, which now went whirling straight up, far up, out of sight, in the scud and spray of the raging storm !

At the same moment a grinding, tearing noise was heard through every timber ; then a sound, as if of men ripping up the planks !

Snap-er-r-rack ! crack ! cr-r-ash ! and something dark flew before the eyes of the crew. Caught against the lee rigging, it was discovered to be a timber, which had been torn from the ribs of the poor ship, under the counter. Then a dismal gurgling prophesied the doom of the vessel—proclaimed that whole volumes of water were pouring into her hold !

"The boats, men, the BOATS !" howled the captain, in a piercing voice.

The first violence of the typhoon had by this time abated, but the sea was still heavy, and the wind still raged with terrific fury. The men now were busy, stowing provisions and breakers (small casks) of fresh water into the boats.

Mrs. Brandon and child were on deck, carefully lashed to the mizzenmast, to prevent their going overboard.

The fair passenger trembled in every limb, and was very pale, but it was evident that all her fears were for her little boy, whom she had clasped tightly to her bosom. The gurgling of water, pouring into the hold, grew louder and louder ; the ship lurched heavily—she must soon go down.

"Lower away!" shrieked the captain, and the boats, two in number, splashed alongside.

The skipper then took Mrs. Brandon by the hand, and was about helping her into the cutter, when a great sea came, dashing the boat against the side of the ship, and shivering it to pieces.

The other boat, filled with seamen, parting its warp, was at the same time whirled far to leeward.

But ten men, with little Warlock, the cabin-boy, were now left aboard the vessel, and these the captain at once set to work constructing a raft. The raft, put together with all possible dispatch, was launched alongside, containing what provisions and water the seamen had time to obtain.

The sailors, quickly springing upon it, stood ready to help Mrs. Brandon off the ship, as, with the child in her arms, she was conducted to the gangway. Just then, striking against the vessel with great violence, the hastily-constructed raft parted, leaving the seamen clinging to logs and timbers.

The captain, Mrs. Brandon and child, with little Warlock, now were the sole occupants of the vessel.

"We are lost! My child! my CHILD!" screamed Mrs. Brandon, as the ship's bows went up an instant, preparatory to making her last plunge.

The captain drew the woman to a spar, and lashed her to it, while little Warlock, who, throughout the storm, had displayed the coolness and courage of a veteran, performed the same service for her boy, whom he secured close to her side.

Having done this, the skipper and cabin-boy were about fastening themselves to the same piece of timber, when there was a prolonged bubbling, roaring noise—a heavy side-lurch of the doomed vessel, and then, lifting her stern an instant, down she went, plunging out of sight forever. Amid the mad-dening whirl of waters, Captain Blake and his cabin-boy were

separated from each other, and also from the mother and child. The two last they saw not again, but each clinging to his separate hold, finally sighted the boat which had drifted from the ship, and were picked up, to find those who had been carried away on the parted raft also aboard. Mrs. Brandon and her little son, however, had not been seen by the boatmen, who now, through a thick, foggy haze, which had settled upon the water, pulled hither and thither, vainly searching for the two castaways.

"Poor Brandon was very fond of his family," cried the captain, sorrowfully, "and a sad blow this will be to him. He has a little one year old daughter remaining to him, but she can never make up for the loss of his wife and child!"

On the next day the party in the boat were picked up by a whaler, bound to the Sandwich Islands, where they arrived a month later.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING.

THE news of his wife and child's loss came to Brandon like a death-blow. The full particulars of the wreck were communicated to him by letter; but, not contented with this, he sought Captain Blake, hoping to hear something which might give him a vestige of hope.

But no; the captain firmly believed that the unfortunates were caught in the ship's rigging, and carried down with the vessel when she went under.

From that moment Brandon was a changed man. Previously a light-hearted, merry fellow, he now became gloomy and reserved; his once raven locks were streaked with gray, and he often fell into long reveries, from which even the duties of his calling were scarcely sufficient to rouse him. Returning home to his little daughter Mary, whom he had left in charge of a female friend, the playful ways of the child threw over his heart the first rays of sunshine he had felt since receiving the dark tidings. His whole existence now became

bound up in this one child, who, as she grew up, realized all his fondest hopes.

Years rolled on, and she grew to womanhood; the sweet age of seventeen brought a deeper bloom to her cheek, a graver light to her soft, blue eyes. She was beautiful both in personelle and dispositon; she was the light and comfort of her father, who, within the past few years, had met with a series of misfortunes, which rendered her all the dearer to him.

In a word, Captain Brandon had suffered so many mishaps—had been lately wrecked and burned out so many times at sea, that he had earned, among superstitious sailors, the unenviable reputation of a Jonah—that is a person said to bring all kinds of misfortunes to any craft aboard which he may ship.

Of course this was mere superstition, and there were many sea-captains and ship-owners in New Bedford who scoffed at the idea; still, as among every ship's crew there may be found men who firmly believe in this notion of a Jonah, Brandon had for a long time been unable to get a berth, the owners well knowing that to their superstitious sailors his presence, on account of his ghostly reputation, would prove discouraging, and thus injure the luck of their vessels. The loss of an eye by lightning, during one of his sea disasters, his thin, wild face, his thick clsin locks, hanging to his neck, his bowed shoulders, his slender, wiry form, and singularly light, active step, gave to him a certain unearthly appearance, which only served to strengthen the belief that he was deserving of the weird reputation attached to his name.^{CHARLTON}

One morning, after having been for many weeks obliged to live upon the scanty wages of his daughter, who had set up a private school, Brandon sauntered forth, in the midst of a driving storm, hoping almost against hope, to obtain a berth aboard some one of the vessels in the harbor, preparing for a sea-voyage.

After making several useless applications, he at length found himself standing under the jib-boom of a New London vessel—the Albatross by name—which had put into this port several weeks before for repairs, her main-topmast having been carried away in a squall just outside the harbor. Boarding her, he

found himself face to face with the first-mate, a fine-looking young man of twenty-nine.

"I would like to ship in your craft," said Brandon, in the humble tone which is sometimes the consequence of discouragement.

"We do want a few more hands," said the mate. "What can you do?"

Brandon smiled and answered, "Any thing; I would like a third-mate's berth."

"We had better go and see the captain," said the young man. "Come."

And he led the way into the cabin. Here Brandon was agreeably surprised to find his old friend *Captain Blake*. The latter was delighted to see him, and the two shook hands, warmly.

Afterward, Blake, laying a hand on his mate's shoulder, said:

"This is Harry Warlock, the youngster who—who—" here he lowered his voice almost to a whisper, "lashed your little child to a spar on—on *that day!*"

Brandon quivered all over; then, dashing a tear from his one eye, he grasped Warlock's hand in a fervent grip.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed.

This was all he could say; a choking sensation in his throat prevented further utterance.

Mastering his emotion by a strong effort, Brandon now surveyed the young mate, who had hitherto remained silent, much affected by the other's grief. The years which had passed since he was cabin-boy on the ill-fated *Griffin*, had molded the frame of Warlock to a hardy, masculine beauty, well fitted for the storms and hardships of a sea-life. His brown cheek glowed with health, his dark eye flashed a high spirit, and his broad brow was full of intelligence that softened every feature. In a word, a better looking young seaman than he was never walked a ship's deck.

"You have here a good mate, that I'll warrant," said the experienced Brandon, as he again shook hands with Warlock.

"Ay, ay," answered the captain; "I could not wish for a better."

Learning from his friend his desire to ship, Blake clapped a hand upon his (Brandon's) back, as if glad to secure him ; then, suddenly looked down, shaking his head.

"Bill," said he, sorrowfully, "I've heard of your—your reputation ; such things, do you see, travel very far—and—and—why, blast me, old chum, but it's *hard*—I don't know as I'll dare to take you for fear of the effect you'll have on my men—a superstitious set they are, Bill—most all Portuguese and Kanakas. Still, I *want* to take you—I *must* take you, but—but—Warlock, my lad," he suddenly added, clapping his mate on the shoulder, "can not you help me out of this scrape? What have you to say about it?"

"Take him, by all means!" cried Warlock, impulsively.

"But the trouble, lad—the trouble he'll get into with the men; you don't think of that?"

Brandon turned upon his heel.

"Good-day, Blake; I'll never be the means of making trouble in my old chum's vessel."

"Stay!" cried the captain, a sudden idea seeming to flash upon his mind ; "you have a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you can persuade her to go with you, every thing will be right; for I have heard your superstitious fellows say that a woman aboard the same craft with a Jonah destroys entirely the Jonah's influence. So, you see, old chum, a woman aboard would satisfy my men."

"I think Mary will go with me," said Brandon, rubbing his hands gladly; "she takes after her father, and is fond of blue water."

"I expect the voyage to be an unusually lucky one," said Blake, as I am going to a newly-discovered bay in the Ochotsk Sea, where whales are as thick as gooseberries. I will also give you an excellent lay, if you can manage to go with me in the way I have mentioned."

Brandon's one eye lighted up like a coal of fire. He rubbed his hands gladly, and looked down at his tattered boots, thinking how soon could he go with his friend, and replace them by new ones.

He hurried off to his home, an humble one, but kept in good order by Mary, a lovely young girl with a cheek full of

changing color, lively brown eyes, and the lightest foot that ever pressed the earth. This maiden would not for a moment put any hindrance in the way of her poor father's success, so she at once consented to go with him.

CHAPTER III.

THE TEMPEST.

THE wind made the spars of the Albatross crack, as she went bowling out of the harbor. By noon the land was faint off the starboard quarter, and the foam came flying merrily over her bows.

On the quarter-deck stood Mary Brandon, watching, with feminine curiosity, some of the men at work aloft, and those who were forward catting and fishing the anchor, under the superintendence of her father, who occupied the position of second-mate, in place of a worthless fellow, who had deserted at New Bedford.

Among those who worked under Brandon was a gray-headed old fellow of sixty, named Tom Burke. The latter held a marlinspike, with which he would heave the lashings taut as they were passed round the anchor. He was a New Bedford man, and knew Brandon well, had heard of his reputation as a Jonah, and, worse yet, he believed in it.

The marlinspike with which he worked, dropping from his hand several times, he shook his head ominously, and muttered between his teeth something which the second-mate could not hear.

"Come Tom, speak out," said Brandon, smiling. "You were never before in the habit of speaking 'under hatches?'"

"Well, there, it never happened to me before," said Tom, "to drop my marlinspike *three times!*"

"You haven't been taking any whisky, I hope," said Brandon, knowing Tom's failing.

"Not a drop, sir, except about half a pint, which I first stirred round in my coffee, this mornin'"

Brandon laughed, and said perhaps that was what made the man's hand so unsteady.

"No," answered Burke, solemnly, "it is because there's a *Jonah* in this craft."

"Hush!" said Brandon, in a low, stern voice. "I know you mean me; but, remember, if you will hold to your foolish superstition, that there is a *woman* in the vessel."

"Ay, ay, sir. I know that, and as long as *she's* aboard I won't complain, more'n I can help. None of the men, being Kanakas and Portuguese, know you, but me, and for your sake I'll try not to let on who the Jonah is."

"You are a good fellow," said Brandon, extending his hand.

Tom thrust his quickly into his pocket,

"No," he said, hoarsely, "they say that a Jonah's hand gives other hands the 'parysalcratus'."

At that moment the captain called Burke to take the wheel, as the man there did not steer to suit him. The work of lashing the anchor was soon finished, and the second-mate was about moving aft, when he noticed that the hinges of the brakes needed slushing, and ordered one of the men to grease them. The person to whom he spoke was a man with remarkable long legs, a short body, and a little head, ornamented with stringy locks of yellow hair and beetle eyes.

Punk, such was the name by which this person was known, was a pretended phrenologist. He had in his possession an old greasy book on that science, which, it was his especial delight to boast to his shipmates, he had read through a dozen times.

He had already examined the head of the captain, and given him an excellent character, on the strength of which the skipper—who, to tell the truth, thought more of whale-oil than of all the sciences in the world—had sent him a bottle of good whisky, some of which, as hinted, had fallen to the share of Tom Burke.

Punk, having never been to sea before, had conceived romantic ideas of a sailor's dress, and wore a broad, blue collar, a huge glazed hat, with a long, flowing ribbon, loose pants of canvas duck, much too short—he had not been able to procure a pair long enough for his legs—and pink slippers number ten. Thus attired, and with an enormous quid of

tobacco in his right cheek, he now stood upon the windlass, his arms folded over his chest, pants and ribbon rustling in the wind, and imagined that he was the very picture of a "true American sailor." Never having chewed tobacco before, this "American tar" felt disagreeable at the moment the second-mate addressed him, and so, taking out the quid, threw it overboard to *windward*, whereas it should have been thrown to leeward.

"Bear a hand!" cried Brandon.

"Ay, ay, sir; bear a hand it is!" said Punk, endeavoring to speak in a sonorous voice, while, in reality, his tones were like the squeaking of a cart-wheel.

When he had greased the hinges, the mate ordered him to put in one of the brakes, and try it.

"Try it it is, sir!" answered Punk, and putting in the handle, he went to work.

"That's he!" cried Brandon, (meaning that will do.)

Punk, however, thinking he was praising him, kept on.

"That's he, I say!" repeated Brandon.

"That's he it is!" answered Punk, working harder than before.

Brandon soon stopped him by explaining to him what he meant; for the second-mate was never violent with his men.

"Ay, ay sir," said Punk, grinning; "I understand. My eyes and tarry to'lights, shiver my timbers if I don't."

And he scraped the deck with his right foot, having heard this was "sailoriski."

The movement brought his huge tarpaulin down over his eyes, whereupon he gave his long legs what he deemed a nautical twist, and pushed the hat back from his brow.

"Although something of a sailor," said Punk, now thrusting his hand under his waistband, "I'm skillful, sir, in examining heads. Shall I examine yours?"

"Not now," answered Brandon, as he moved ast.

One morning, about a fortnight after, he said to the captain:

"I perceive you have a phrenologist aboard. I hope he's a better phrenologist than sailor."

"He is green, most unmercifully green," cried Blake, striking the rail with his clinched fist, "but he does know somethin' about heads, I believe. He examined mine, a

short time ago, and perhaps you'd like to have him look at Miss Brandon's."

"Certainly," said the second-mate, good-humoredly. "How would you like that, Mary?" he added, turning to his daughter.

"Oh well, papa," she answered, "I have no objections."

The captain called Punk aft to examine Mary's head.

The four were soon in the cabin, when Punk, with a knowing sort of hop, like that of a boy on stilts, remarked, after lightly touching the top of the girl's head :

"Here we have tremendous *alamativeness*, together with *diabolical conjugal perfection*."

Brandon opened his one eye very wide, while Blake, who, as already hinted, knew little of the science of phrenology, shook his head, admiringly.

"This person," continued Punk, "is *excessively alive* to a good dinner, especially vegetables. Her *lamentativeness* is the one failing of her *contentious* nature, which is decidedly *pacific*. *Lamentativeness* is her great —"

"Avast there!" cried Blake. "That's a mistake; lamb and taters isn't your favorite; is it, miss?"

"In a word, this person," continued Punk, with a superior smile, not heeding the interruption, "is a —"

Bur-r-r-r! whiz-z-z! boong! belang! crack! snap! rattle—rattle—rack-he-de-rack!

The captain sprung up as if shot, and rushed on deck, closely followed by his mate.

A squall had struck the ship, and was making mad music in her rigging. A sulphurous haze filled the air; the vast ocean was one great mass of hissing, boiling foam. Swift as an arrow, with a long, grinding, continuous crashing sound, as if invisible ax-men were splitting up her timbers, reverberating through her oaken ribs, from stem to stern, the vessel tore along through the storm-lashed waters. Her loftier sails had been rent like so many pieces of paper, and all her sheets having parted, the larger canvas was slatting and whipping about, with the din of thunder. The air was filled with flying flashes of foam, strangely contrasting with the dark, sulphurous vapors, whirled along the blast with almost incredible swiftness.

Rumbling, crackling, crashing and roaring, the storm deepened, thickened, darkened, grew heavier and heavier. Through the far-extending network of driving sand, rain and hail, something black suddenly was seen rolling along like a huge winged monster.

This was a gigantic cloud, which, rising from the eastern horizon, had, in the space of five minutes, reached the ship, and was now passing over her trucks. Along the edge of the mass played lurid fires, the electricity with which the cloud was charged, while the continual crashing, snapping and booming of the thunder made the heavens ring again!

Meanwhile, enveloped in sheets of driving spray, the vessel continued to boom on, burying bow and lee-rail at every plunge, and quivering as if about to fly into a thousand pieces. Heedless of the seas dashing over him, sou'-wester on head, trumpet in hand, Captain Blake stood sounding his orders, while the men vainly endeavored to clew up the slatting masses of canvas. As to Punk, he suddenly seemed to have lost all desire to play the "American tar." At the first notes of the squall he had jumped into the fore-hold, and buried his nose in a coil of rigging, with his lengthy legs protruding upward. He was by no means a coward, but like many men of imaginative temperament, he was strongly imbued with a sense of the sublimity and awe-inspiring grandeur of a storm at sea!

"Ahoy, there! you Punk, blast ye, where are you?" howled the captain, noticing the absence of that person.

He rushed forward, peered into the hold, and there beheld, first Punk's legs, and then the rest of his person, upon which he could not help dealing several smart applications with a rope's end.

Just then a crash, as if the heavens were opening to a thousand thunder-bolts, broke upon the captain's ear. He rushed on deck to find the ship upon her beam-ends, engulfed in roaring masses of overwhelming water. The black cloud had parted, and a *water-spout* was rushing down upon the devoted ship. Round and round she whirled, in a volley of hissing, gurgling waters—crash, crasher, rack, boong! and away went her three topmasts, one after the other, falling alongside!

The wreck dragging her under, still round and round in the engulfsing water-spout she whirled, her timbers cracking, her hull settling lower every moment.

In another minute she must go to the bottom with all on board ; of this the white-lipped crew, clinging to whatever afforded them support, were well aware, and hoarse shrieks, drowned amid the torrent—the huge, sheeted, descending torrent of maddening waters—were faintly heard !

Appalled by their fearful situation, all speech soon died upon the lips of that terror-stricken crew. The eyeballs of the Kanakas rolled in their heads, while the Portuguese, with their white faces turned upward, seemed to implore the protection of their favorite saints:

A fearful silence lay upon the lips of every man for a minute, when the voice of old Tom Burke was heard, piercing the storm-din:

"IT IS THIS JONAH!" he shouted, "the JONAH who's the cause of this!"

And the old tar, obeying an impulse he seemed incapable of resisting, pointed toward Brandon, who stood near the stump of the mizzenmast, holding on to some rigging.

At this the dusky Kanakas and Portuguese gnashed their teeth, and, even in that dread moment, laid their hands upon their bowie-knives!

"Kill the Jonah! cut him to pieces!" was shrieked forth on all sides, and several men advanced, threateningly, toward the second-mate.

Mr. Warlock, the young first-mate, here advanced to interpose, but he had not taken ten steps when there was a tremendous shock, as of sudden electricity darting through the ship, and every man was thrown down !

With a rushing, sweeping sound, the vast sheets of water, tossed hither and thither by the exploding of the water-spout, and breaking into thousands of bubbles, poured over the ship, almost smothering and stunning the awe-stricken crew, before they could regain their feet. The captain, now seeing his vessel plunging, bows foremost, into a caldron of waters like a whirlpool; perceiving, also, that she was about being capsized—that the two men at the helm had been washed overboard—in a word, that there now seemed no possible way of escaping

his doom, stood staring, open-mouthed, straight ahead of him, perplexed as to what order he should next give other than that of telling his men to prepare for their fate.

While he stood thus, a lurid gleam shot into his face ; it was the flash from the one eye of the supposed Jonah, as he dashed amidships ! Through the mass of bubbling, roaring waters he rushed ; through the sheeted spray, flying to the very trucks, he fearlessly made his way ! A great volume or avalanche of water poured across the weather-rail, rolling him over and over, sending him whirling to leeward, out of sight, like a shot long-shill.

The spectators believed that he was gone ; momentarily expecting their own doom, they gave the matter little heed, but with bated breath and rolling eyes—some of them muttering about mothers, sisters and relatives—others, between their teeth, uttering short, half-formed prayers, they stood, awaiting a fate which seemed inevitable !

Up from the cabin, wild-eyed and pale, came Mary Brandon. “Oh, God !” she shrieked, “must we be lost ? Is there no way to save the ship ?”

“The *Jonah*, miss ! it’s all the *Jonah*’s doings !” muttered Tom Burke, as he tied a rope round her waist to prevent her being at once washed overboard. Stunned, almost bewildered by the terrible noises that smote upon her ears, the creaking crash of timbers, the gurgle and wash of overwhelming waters, the cracking of the spars, the howl, the shriek, the maddening roar of the raging storm—she stood, unable to articulate another word !

At that dread moment, when all were prepared for the worst, a dark, slender form, with neck turned sideways like a snake’s, shoulders bowed, black hair dripping, one eye shooting forth a red flash, was seen starting up from the caldron of waters amidships.

It was the *Jonah*, who, now clutching tight the rope, by means of which he had saved himself from going overboard, cut the storm-din in two with his clear, sharp, metallic voice, ringing like an anvil !

“To the wheel, there, one of you ! *Hard—hard-a-port !* Steady ! Luff a little and meet her !—that’s he—now, then, steady as you go !”

To the wheel the young first-mate, Mr. Warlock—who had been severely bruised by the falling of one end of the shattered mizzen-topmast across his leg—having quickly dragged himself, obeyed Brandon's orders to the letter.

The one eye gleamed hopefully; a moment it's light was veiled by another sweeping sea; then the anvil voice was again heard.

"HARD-A-STARBOARD! A pull at the weather braces!"

"Ay, ay, now—that's the sort!" cried Captain Blake, who, seeing his ship right a little, and, like some huge monster, shake herself clear of the overwhelming seas, gathered confidence and coolness.

The men, obeying Brandon's magnetic voice, executed his order promptly; the ship first luffed up, to meet a huge wave that otherwise must have overwhelmed her, now being kept off, shot ahead, roaring like a wounded lion!

"No use!" cried Blake, "for though we're saved for the present, the craft soon must go down, as she's well-nigh water-logged, in such a storm as this!"

Brandon shook his head; then, while his single eye gleamed triumphantly, he pointed skyward where a golden gleam of light was visible. That gleam grew brighter every moment; the last cloud of the squall was passing over the ship, the next moment it had passed, and the vessel lay becalmed—the squall had gone—stopped suddenly, like a giant in his wrath, leveled low by a shaft or an electric bolt.

While a murmur of joy circulated throughout the vessel—while Mary stood encircling her father with her arms, while the young first-mate, bruised, weak, and bleeding, leaned against the helm, watching the girl with an ardent gaze, who should come strutting along, hands under waistband, tarpaulin pushed back from forehead, a quid of spunyarn in lieu of tobacco in his right cheek, but Punk, the gallant "American tar."

He addressed himself to Mary.

"Coolness and self-possession in peril is the *peculiarium* of your thoroughbred sailor," he remarked; "and if you had been forward you would have seen how perfectly unmoved I was through the whole of the terrific storm. Ay, ay, shiver my tarry to'lights!"

That Punk was *unmoved* during the storm no person could dispute. Upon his knees, with his nose in the coil of rigging in the hold, he had remained from the commencement, without budging an inch.

CHAPTER IV.

REBELLION.

While folded to her father's bosom, Mary, chancing to glance toward the helm, beheld Mr. Warlock, and at once comprehending his situation, hurried, excited by womanly pity and admiration, to direct her father's attention to the young man. It was high time, for Warlock, now almost unconscious, could scarcely support himself. He was conducted to his berth in the cabin, where the steward at once proceeded to wash his bruises with cold water, and to administer an inspiring cordial.

Meanwhile the captain rigged jury-masts. A breeze sprung up toward the middle of the day, and the ship slowly forged ahead on her course toward Fayal, Western Islands, where the skipper intended to stop for repairs.

"Thank God our troubles are now over," said Mary; "we have a good breeze."

"Ay," muttered Tom Burke, between his teeth, and half under his breath, "they are over just for the present, young lady; that JONAH will give us some more before long. If it hadn't been for the gal in the ship we'd have gone to the 'locker' down below, 'afore this!'"

He moved forward with sullen air, and seated himself by the windlass-bitt.

"What think?" inquired a Kanaka, confronting him, and showing his teeth—"what think now? No Jonah aboard, eh? Make'mistake!"

"Hush, blueskin, hush! I have nothing more to say about it!"

"How know dis second-mate Jonah, eh?"

"That is known everywhere," replied Burke—"everywhere by them that knows him."

"If Jonah, best get him out of way. No—"

"Hush, you lubber. No, I said no such thing. Where there is a woman aboard a ship, she outmatches a Jonah, prevents him from doing *terrible* harm, though not altogether,"

"Ho, ho, ho ! hi, hi, hi !" laughed the Kanaka ; "me no that understand."

Tom rose and moved away. He sat down on the knight-heads, and with eyes half shut, and a grim smile round the corners of his mouth, watched Punk, who, with rolling gait, was now walking to and fro round the forecastle.

The next morning the young mate appeared on deck. He had already exchanged a few words with Mary, and now, finding her near the quarter-rail, had lifted his cap respectfully with his left hand, for his right was in a sling.

"Good-morning," he said, smiling ; "I hope you are well, after yesterday's storm, which must have frightened you much."

"I am very well," she answered, "and hope you are the same!" and here her soft eyes beamed pity. "I perceive that you have not yet recovered from your injuries."

"They were nothing to speak of," he answered, indifferently.

At that moment, chancing to look forward, his face wore a troubled expression. Mary followed his glance, and perceived that the eyes of the Kanakas and Portuguese were turned upon her father, who stood in the waist, in a dark, significant manner, which, she thought, boded no good.

"Why do they look so at papa?" she inquired ; "surely they can have nothing against him, after his saving the ship. That foolish belief in his being a Jonah must, by this time, have become destroyed."

"I don't know," answered Warlock, uneasily. "Still, you may rest assured that no evil shall come to your father while it is in my power to prevent it."

"Thank you, sir ; oh, thank you!"

She spoke earnestly, for her fears were much excited.

At that moment Warlock was summoned from her side to

superintend the repairing of some slight damage, which, during the storm, had been sustained by the rudder. A whale-boat being lowered, in it two men soon were in their places at work. The young mate, while seated on the rail, overlooking them; had the pleasure of seeing Mary again by his side. Their glances met; the girl blushed deeply, Warlock half smiled, and both felt that the presence of each was to the other attended with those pleasurable sensations which generally precede love.

"Do you really think they will attempt to harm papa?" she inquired.

"No," he answered; "I trust not. I shall, however, be on the watch."

From this subject they glided on to others. The girl found her companion a very intelligent young man, who had employed every leisure moment of a sea-life in improving his mind. His air—gentle yet manly—his upright form, and deep, musical voice inspired her with the most pleasurable sensations.

When night came, and she retired, she lay a long time, with the brown, manly face of the young mate constantly intruding upon her mind, and warming her young cheeks with the first blushes of awakening love.

The weather remained good, with fair winds, for two weeks, by which time the Albatross was anchored off Fayal. Here she remained a month, when, new masts and yards having been fitted, she resumed her course for the whaling-grounds, off the coast of Brazil, where her captain intended to cruise for a short period. The first intimation that the crew received of their being on that well-known ground was the orders to double-reef topsails, and haul down the flying jib.

"We're in for a cruise," muttered Tom Burke, when sail was shortened; "but little luck we'll have with a Jonah aboard of us!"

"Say so?" gritted through his teeth a tall Kanaka named Marhi, the brother of one of those who had been lost off the ship during the gale—"say so? Well, me so think, too. S'pose go ast, and tell captain to put dis Jonah ashore!"

"No," answered Tom; "there mustn't be none of that.

There's a *woman* aboard, do you see, and I've heard it said that them creatures does away with Jonah's power, though I some'at doubt it, 'specially when the woman is the Jonah's darter."

"Below there!" came down at this instant, from the fore-mast head.

"Ay, ay!" shouted Warlock, springing into the waist.

"A dead whale right ahead, sir, with an iron in him."

"Stand by the boats! Lower away!" were the orders, following each other in quick succession, when down went the two vessels, crashing into the waters alongside.

Into them tumbled their crews; in the second-mate's boat were Tom Burke and Marhi, and all were soon pulling like mad. There was not much wind; the sea lay almost steaming hot under the burning sun, and thin, sickly-looking vapors were speeding like phantoms through the air. The dark faces of the oarsmen, lifted up as they leaned back, reddened like live coals, while above them, in the stern-sheets, glowed the one eye of Brandon like a gleaming star. Upon the flushed face of Marhi it was turned with a penetration that made the Kanaka grind his white teeth, until they emitted a sound like the scraping of knives.

"That's he ; lie!" (stop pulling) cried the second-mate, when his boat was within ten fathoms of the whale. The weary crew gladly put their oars a-peak, and panting, turned to look at the whale. Marhi, his red tongue lolling like a wolf's, thrust his heated left hand into the sea, hoping thereby to cool it; then uttered a sharp cry, and hastily withdrew it, covered with blood.

A shark had seen the hand, and shooting upward, grasped one of the fingers, making off with it.

"Ook!" shouted the Kanaka, as he now wrung his wounded hand; "Jonah cause of dis!"

Tom Burke shook his head gloomily, and glanced reproachfully at Brandon, who, however, neither heeding the exclamation nor the glance, at once motioned to one of the near boats. This coming up, the Kanaka was transferred to it, and ferried aboard ship,

Soon after, the whale being fastened to, was towed alongside. It was "cut in" that same day, and in forty-

eight hours was tried out, making twenty barrels of sperm oil.

Meanwhile Marhi, who was by no means a shirk, remained on deck, working as well as he could with his left hand. Unfortunately, while handling the blubber, a piece of black skin somehow worked its way to the stump of his finger, without his knowledge.

Every whaleman knows that this skin is poisonous, and when scratched or wounded the sailor usually is careful not to come into contact with it. Reckless Marhi had cause to repent of his carelessness, for soon, the victim of the most excruciating pain, he was obliged to go below. Before night his hand was swollen like a football, and through his wild veins his blood, coursing like molten lead, sent fever and delirium to his brain. Two men could not hold him to his bunk ; he writhed and screamed, declaring, in frenzied accents, with the well-known superstition of the Kanakas, that the spirit of his brother was in the shark ! He added that the creature had thus taken revenge on him (Marhi) because he had not avenged his (the brother's) death upon the Jonah.

For three whole days he thus raved, when he became calmer, though still very noisy and excited. He could neither sleep nor eat, and his frame wasted to the proportions of a gaunt skeleton. The other Kanakas, with the Portuguese and Burke, grew dark and sullen. Brandon was often the subject of conversation among them ; they agreed to march ast and endeavor to persuade the captain to put the Jonah ashore. One afternoon, while they were thus deliberating, the tall, gaunt figure of Marhi stalked among them like a dusky ghost :

"Come, go below," said Tom Burke.

"No !" exclaimed Marhi, tossing his wild-looking hair back from his face ; "me go ast and kill ! kill ! kill Jonah."

"Hush ; you must not talk so."

"Come!"—shrieking in a piercing voice—"come, never, never luck have with Jonah! Come!"

There was magnetism in the voice of the speaker. Kanakas and Portuguese gathered round him, their eyes gleaming, their white teeth grating. Mary, on the quarter-deck, screaming, rushed to her father's side.

"Papa, oh, papa, do go below—quick!"

There was a yell forward, and with a wild rush, the dusky crew came ast, brandishing knives and handspikes.

"Kill! kill! kill!" yelled the Islanders.

"That sounds bad," said Burke, turning to Punk, who, with his hands thrust beneath his waistband, and his long legs stretched far apart, stood behind the windlass, glancing ast.

"Ay, ay; bad it is," answered Punk.

"Come, we must help our own color," added Burke, picking up an ax, and running toward the quarter-deck.

Bang, crack, crack, crack! went the captain's revolver.

Punk heard one of the bullets whizz past his head.

"Ahoy there, shiver my splinters!" shouted the American tar, and down he went into the forecastle.

Here he commenced a fierce assault upon the pots, pans, and spoons of the Kanakas, ranged on shelves above his head. He kicked the tinware into a corner, he stamped upon it, he wrenched off the handles from the cups, and broke the forks and knives.

"I'm not quarrelsome, except when I'm roused!" he exclaimed, when he had finished.

Then he stretched himself upon a chest, with his arms folded, and each foot thrust in a broken coffee-pot.

Meanwhile there was no child's play on the quarter-deck. Warlock had knocked one of the Kanakas senseless; the captain had seriously wounded another with his revolver; the rest stood at bay, brandishing their knives, and preparing for another rush. Brandon had thrust Mary through the companion out of harm's way; he now advanced with upraised hand.

"Back, back where you belong, and do your duty!" he shouted.

A yell of derision was the only response; then, tiger-like, Marhi was upon him, with his huge strength quickly hurling him to the deck.

"Kill! kill! kill Jonah!" screamed the other Kanakas, and in a moment half a dozen knives were leveled at Brandon's heart. The captain, with Warlock, Tom Burke and the other mates and harpooners, rushed to the rescue; but it was

evident that they would not succeed in beating back the dusky mutineers in time to save Brandon.

Suddenly the latter raised himself upon his elbow, and, his one eye glowing like a lurid light upon the man whose blade was nearest his heart, exclaimed, in a voice that rung through the ship like the cracking of a topmast :

"Hold, hold! ye dusky devils! By the fiend, if ye lay a hand upon me, my spirit shall come up from the bottom of the sea and sink ye down, down, down like *so many rats!*"

Appalled by these words, the wild crew firmly believing that Brandon had power to execute his threat, drew back, lowering their knives.

Even Marhi was abashed.

He thrust his knife into his belt, and muttering, "Some other time," moved sullenly forward, followed by the others, all of whom now were cowed into submission.

Mary was overjoyed when clasped to her parent's bosom.

"Let us leave the ship, papa," she said; "we may have more trouble."

"No," Brandon resolutely answered; "I have shipped for the voyage, and I'll go through with it, if the *captain* is willing."

"Ay, ay, with all my heart!" said Blake. "Sooner than lose you I'd ship a new crew forward!"

"I'm sorry for that," muttered Tom Burke, as he entered the forecastle.

The sight which there met his eyes astonished him. Punk had hidden himself in the fore-hold, but there lay the battered tinware in a corner!

The Kanakas raved and stormed, but the true author of the mischief was never suspected. From the fore-hold he had made his way aft to the steerage, and having slyly ascended the main rigging, he was now coiling a rope in the top.

CHAPTER V.

HARVESTING IN AND OUT OF PORT.

PAST the fragrant Brazils the Albatross, when her cruise was over, went booming on, under every thing she could carry.

Although under full sail, her mas-theads were still manned ; for a whaler, even when homeward bound, carries her sun-embrowned lookouts upon her three top-gallant cross-trees. A chance whale may pop up at any time ; visions of " sparm ile " are forever greasing the brain of the skipper.

"There'll be few whales taken aboard this craft !" grumbled Tom Burke, when for many days the ship had continued on without a spout being seen ; "'cause there's a Jony in her, blast him if I don't know it ! " *Even you know this is so now !*

"Ay, ay ; blast him it is !" ejaculated Punk, as he sat astraddle of the lee-rail, one morning, drawing the water wherewith to wash down the decks.

With the sullen manner which they had shown ever since the day of the quarrel, Kanakas and Portuguese plied the brooms, used in scouring the oaken planks to a virgin whiteness.

Excepting naval men, none are more particular as regards cleanliness on ship and person, than whalers. The merchant-man, when he hears a "spouter" (whaling-vessel) spoken of, rolls his quid and contemptuously ejaculates, "The dirty tub!"

There is, however, more washing, scrubbing and scouring done aboard the "tub" than is performed aboard the neatest trading-clipper that ever cut blue water. The merchant-vessel usually looks neater and trimmer, of course, because her voyages are shorter, and it is better made, and does not suffer the wear and tear of the daring little whaleships, cracking along through the polar ice for many months, half the time deluged with oil and begrimed with the dark smoke from the chimneys of the try-works.

The washing of a pair of pants, when saturated with oil, is a difficult job. Punk, scorning such menial labor, as

unbecoming an "American tar," would usually either stow his oily pants away in some obscure corner, or throw them overboard, afterward drawing another pair from the slop-chest (a cask containing seamen's clothing.) Not so the Portuguese, thirsty fellows, who make rags and patches go a great way. One of these, a man with a huge head, did the washing for all the officers and boat-steerers, for which he received payment sometimes in tobacco, and sometimes in coins. On the morning I speak of he had been up half the night, and although at the mast-head, he thought it no harm to indulge in a nap.

Now Brandon was a strict disciplinarian, and could never bear to see a man asleep when aloft. With his single eye, he had acquired a wonderful "knack" of judging when a sailor was drowsy, and had, therefore, for some time, been watching the Portuguese at the maintop-gallant mast-head. Tom Burke, in his turn, stealthily watching Brandon, could not help muttering to himself now and then:

"Wonder what he's a-doing now. Trying to bewitch the man aloft, I believe."

"Ay, trying to bewitch the man aloft *it is!*" ejaculated Punk, overhearing him.

"Hush, you lubber! Who told you to repeat what I said?"

Punk had spoken so loud that the Kanakas overheard him, and many anxious glances were turned toward their shipmate aloft. The one eye remained steadily fixed upon the mast-head; its owner finally rose, evidently with the intention of hailing the lookout. Before he could speak, however, the Portuguese, suddenly lurching sideways in his sleep, tumbled headlong, and fell into the sea, whence he never rose again!

Now a low murmur circulated among the dusky crew; they really believed that the Jonah had bewitched the man, and thus been the cause of his fate!

That same night Warlock caught a number of them endeavoring to lower the whale-boat, with the intention of making off. He gave the alarm, and ordered them back.

They obeyed, reluctantly, promising that they would never try to desert in this way again.

The ship continued on her course, rounded Cape Horn, with the loss of her fore-topmast—this, like every other misfortune

that had taken place, was laid to the Jonah—and finally arrived at her secured port, San Carlos, Chiloe Island.

Here, while the ship was undergoing repairs, Mary went ashore with her father and the young mate. They passed the old calaboose, and saw some of its chained captives emerging through the gate. They moved on, and walking through other quarters of the town, met pretty, dark-eyed Chilian damsels, on errands to the little shops, where delicious round cheeses, with calicoes and other goods, were promiscuously heaped for sale. The swarthy horseman from the plains, spurred, mantled, wearing leather leggings, and with the lasso at the saddle-bow, clattered through the streets on his magnificent horse, and the armed *vigilanté*, with his long sword dangling upon the pavement, paraded with important air.

Leaving the town, with its irregular streets, the little party wandered among the high hills overlooking the harbor. Whole troops of green and striped lizards crawled at their feet, and through openings in the shrubbery they caught glimpses of magnificent bulls, grazing on rolling fields of beautiful grass; over their heads the cedar spread its thick branches, also the pine, while here and there, rising from dense clumps of fragrant shrubs and plants—among which were visible the *santolina* and *tinctoria*—was seen the olive tree, nearly nine feet in circumference.

Leaning on the arm of her lover, for by this time she had learned to regard Warlock as such, Mary was very happy. The bright sunshine, the twittering birds, the bay, flashing like silver beneath the green parapet over which they now walked, seemed in unison with the feelings of the young people. They strolled for several hours, and before they returned to the ship the girl had promised to marry her companion, when they should arrive home.

Two weeks later the Albatross was ready to sail for the Sandwich Islands, whence, after supplies should be obtained, she would proceed on her northward course. A minister, Simon Dalton by name, had engaged a passage to the Islands, and was aboard.

Having heard of the superstition of the dusky crew, regarding the Jonah, he mounted the try-works, after the vessel had set sail, and in a brief, sensible speech, endeavored to turn

the minds of his auditors from their ridiculous belief. The speech was without effect: when he was gone, Kanakas and Portuguese shook their heads, and insisted that no good luck would come while Brandon was aboard.

Two weeks out from port, the well-known cry of "There blows!" came down from aloft.

The main-yard having been backed, the boats soon were giving chase. The crews pulled with life and spirit, and the little vessels fairly jumped. Brandon's long-limbed crew felt the steady light from their officer's one eye, piercing their hearts, pricking them up to exertion like a red hot needle; their blood seemed on fire, even while they trembled with a certain nameless feeling of superstitious awe. Taking the lead of the other boats, they were soon within darting distance of a huge sperm-bull, with a hump on him like a pile of oyster-shells.

"Give it to him!" howled Brandon, in a harsh voice, like the scraping of a knife.

The boat-steerer's iron whizzed and missed; something huge and black hummed through the air, then came down into the sea with the din of a hundred cannons! It was the whale's flukes, as the monster sounded in a cloud of whirling spray! A quarter of an hour after, up he came again, about a mile off the weather bow, going "eyes out," as it is termed, to windward. A determined glitter flashed in Brandon's eye.

"We must strike that whale!" he said, quietly. "Pull ahead!"

The pull was a long and hard one. The joints of the oarsmen cracked at every stroke; the sweat poured in streams down their dark faces—their eyeballs bulged.

"We'll never get that whale," said Tom Burke, sullenly. "We might as well stop pulling."

"MIND YOUR OAR!" gritted Brandon, through clinched teeth.

"Hard work, hard work, dis!" gasped a Portuguese.

"KEEP STROKE!"

"No pull *one stroke more!*" cried Marhi, putting his oar a-peak.

"PULL AHEAD!" thundered the second-mate.

The Kanaka never budged. A white line went through the air: it was Brandon's fist, which fell upon the rebel's huge head like a lump of steel. He fell; then sprung up, maddened, sheath-knife in hand. Brandon parried his thrust with a paddle, and with the same, then dealt his adversary a stunning blow upon the head.

"Down, you black rat, down!" he howled, as, with another stroke, he sent the knife spinning into the sea. The one eye glared like a ball of fire; its unearthly expression cowed the Kanaka at once. As he sat down the boat was lifted straight up from the sea; a huge white jaw opened near the bow! It was the whale's!

"GIVE IT TO HIM!!"

Whir-r-r! hoo-o-o! chook! went the harpoon, buried to the socket in the monster's hump!

Now the crew were wrapped in spray; the uplifted boat rolled, slipping down the whale's back.

Crash! and the cedar planks flew to chips, the crew, with the line and the line-tubs, being tossed promiscuously far up into the air! Into the whale-churned, white waters they fell: there was a horrible scream, as the unfortunate Marhi, trembling between the whale's teeth, was bitten in two; then down went the monster, roaring through the green chambers of the sea-depths like descending thunder!

Save Marhi—who, of course, was killed outright—no man was hurt. The swimmers, in the course of a quarter of an hour, were picked up by the other boats.

Brandon, soon after, had the satisfaction of seeing the leviathan again fastened to. The monster had nearly taken all the line, however, before he again came up, after sounding. Meanwhile, having milled, he was now on a course which must lead him across the bow of the ship.

"Stand by!" screamed one of the ship-keepers, who had dragged a coil of whaling-line forward.

As the boat passed under the bow, he threw the end to Brandon, who at once secured it to that of the nearly expended line in the light vessel. Then, the line on the ship's deck having been fastened to the windlass, the harpooner in the boat disengaged his from the chocks.

Now, therefore, the whale *was fast to the ship!*

So great was the strength of the monster that he dragged this weight of three hundred tuns or more to windward, at the rate of eight knots! As she boomed along, with the spray flying over her bows, the two boats shot past her, their crews eagerly looking for the whale to come up. Soon the line slackened, and up he did come, breaching his full length out of the sea, then falling back with the din of thunder.

The boats, attacking him on both flanks, the lances whistled through the air, and soon were stained with his blood. For some time Brandon had vainly endeavored to reach the *life-spot*, a part of the whale which, when struck, soon ends him. Fiercely anathematizing his ill luck, the daring officer, no longer able to contain himself, sprung upon the monster's back, and with his one eye vainly endeavored to find the coveted spot, now immersed in water. As if disdaining such a burden, the whale, quietly rolling, lodged him into the water, under his fin, and with one blow beat his senses out of his head! *Woh! what a foul hurt I have!*

With difficulty he was picked up; at the same moment the whale, turning, made straight for the ship, and drove its huge head against the bow, staving a hole in the timbers, through which the water now poured with dismal gurgle! Sounding, after the mischief he had done, the monster dragged the ship onward, while those aboard endeavored to stop up the opening with a piece of canvas. This was accomplished, though in a clumsy manner. The leviathan coming up again, was killed; but, before he could be towed alongside, he began gradually to settle down! The discouraging truth could not be concealed: *he was about to sink!*

"Ay?" muttered Tom Burke, gloomily, as the evil eyes of Kanakas and Portuguese were turned upon Brandon, now restored to sense, "we might have known we'd never have luck while the Jony was with us!"

Meanwhile, lower sunk the whale, every moment; lines were secured to him, and, being passed to the ship, turns were taken round the windlass.

Creak, creak, creak—snap, snap, snap—or-rack! And the principal line was rent asunder! The others soon parted in the same manner, when, with rushing, gurgling sound, down went the monster, sinking out of sight!

The men looked at each other with an expression of blank despair. To lose their whale, after all their trouble, certainly was discouraging.

They returned aboard, and, as usual, the misfortunes of the day were all laid to the fact of Brandon's being a Jonah!

The dusky crew grumbled, and before night a party of them came aft, to beseech the captain to put Brandon ashore.

Blake, who was in a bad humor, sent them forward, with an oath, bidding them never come aft on such an errand again.

Meanwhile, the wind freshening and the sea growing rougher, the canvas on the bow was found to be insufficient to keep the water out. The captain patched it up, as well as was in his power, but some of the timbers being cracked under water, he was unable to get at them.

"We must pile on every thing, and get to the Islands as soon as we can, for repairs," he said to his mate, in a low voice.

Mary overheard him, and approaching Warlock, inquired if there was danger.

"No," he replied; "if this wind holds, we will reach the Sandwich Islands, I trust, before there comes on a blow!"

Unfortunately the wind did not hold; that same night it hauled round ahead, blowing quite fresh with a chopping sea.

Tom Burke, as usual, was full of gloomy prophecies, which so frightened Punk that he almost forgot to put on his "sailor airs."

By night the wind, still unchanged, blew a gale, sending the spray flying all over the ship in white clouds. The vessel leaked badly, and the captain had men stationed at the pumps.

"Fear not!" said Warlock, encouragingly to Mary, as he rolled up his sleeves to take a turn at the pumps. "We will soon have the ship clear!"

The minister, who loved fresh air exercise, took his turn with Punk to help him. The "American tar," rolling his quid furiously—for by this time he had learned to chew without being made sick—stooped, in a very unsailorlike manner, while pumping, and the minister, imagining that

this was the way to do, stooped also. The consequence was that the knees of the two men kept coming in contact, cracking like billiard-balls!

All hands grimed, while Tom Burke curled his lip with a contemptuous sneer.

Pumping for several hours, the men could make no headway against the leak, which kept gaining. The seas became heavier, and the captain perceived that, if he endeavored to beat against them, his craft must soon become water-logged. Therefore, he squared in his close-reefed topsails, and put his vessel before the wind, thus steering north-west. Now the pumps, owing to the bows being more lifted, were able to make some headway; the water in the hold slowly but surely decreased.

Dalton, the minister, recommended that all hands should be called aft to offer up thanksgiving to God for their escape.

"Ay, ay," said Blake; "a good plan—call 'em aft, Brandon!"

The latter obeying, the men came aft.

Dalton, mounting a cask, was about delivering a prefatory sermon, when Blake pulled him by the coat-tail.

"Avast there, sir; just let 'em make a short prayer, as there's some barrels of pork and a few casks of 'ile' to be removed in the hold."

"In one moment," responded Dalton, with a wave of his white hand.

Then he launched forth with eloquence and simplicity, while Blake looked round upon the audience as much as to say:

"Did you ever hear any thing like it?"

When at length Dalton mentioned something about the "post of duty and implicit obedience," the skipper compressed his lips and shook his head significantly at the dusky Portuguese and Kanakas. With open mouths and protruding eyes these men stood, staring at the minister, unable to comprehend a word, wherefore the captain's pantomime was entirely lost upon them. Perceiving this, Blake, determined to impress them, picked up a handspike, and thumped violently on the deck with it. Dalton reproached him for this rudeness with a mild glance.

"Beg pardon," said the skipper, "but them blueskins must be made to understand that part of your sermon relating to duty, which is most excellent—*pre-excellent*, sir!"

And thump went the handspike again.

Thus attracting the attention of the dusky auditors, the captain said :

"Put *that* in your pipes and smoke it, every blasted mother's son of ye!"

"Hip! hip! hip! Shiver me!" exclaimed Punk, whirling round on his long legs, and waving his hat round his head. "The post of duty, forever! Stand to your guns, my hearties."

"I perceive," said Dalton, turning with a smile to the captain, "that we have here an example of your true sailor. That tall son of the ocean seems to be one of those who constitute the glory of our merchant-marine."

"What! that 'ere Daddy Longlegs! Why, blast his eyes, sir, he's the biggest *lubber* in my craft!"

"A *lubber*? Will you please explain—never mind, however?"

And Dalton again launched forth into his sermon :

"When we look around us," said he, "at the broad, blue, rolling ocean, the far-extending vault of heaven, and—"

"Please sir," interrupted Blake, "cut it short. Remember the pork and the 'ile?"

"In one moment. When we see the stars—in one sense these may be termed the eyes of God—we—"

"Them's my sentiments; but the pork and 'ile,' do you see?"

"Patience, for just one second. We are filled with wonder at the glory and magnificence, the beauty, sublimity and—"

"The pork and 'ile,' bear in mind," said Blake, giving the speaker's coat-tail a sudden twitch.

"The pork and oil!" repeated Dalton, unconsciously; then coloring at his mistake, he went on: "Sublimity and—"

"That's he! that's he, sir. Let's have a short prayer, now, when I can set my men to h'istin' them barrels."

Dalton, perceiving there was no alternative, jumped down and began to pray. When he was through the pork and oil were removed, after which Blake seemed more at ease.

"The best part of your *sarment*," said he, grasping the minister by the hand, "was its shortness, which is the *soil of wit*."

"Ay, ay," muttered Punk as he rolled past. "Shiver my to'lights."

CHAPTER VI. ASHORE AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

THE gale continued, without much abatement, for four days, by the end of which time the ship, driven along at the rate of fourteen knots, was in the Japan Sea.

Far away, the blue line of the coast of Tartary was visible along the horizon, like a cloud. The captain, having resolved to put into one of the bays for repairs, steered directly for land, under every thing he could carry.

In the course of three days he entered a bay, far to the north-west, between two lofty ridges.

These ridges, with another in front, gave to the land the shape of a triangle, roughly curved in front. As the high elevation round him shielded the water from the wind, he at once commenced hoisting out of his fore-hold to lighten the ship, and thus raise her up forward. Both Warlock and Brandon entered the hold, mingling and working freely with the foremast hands. The young mate, by such behavior, never failed to win the respect and confidence of his men; and such, also, until he had earned his unfortunate reputation, had been the case with Brandon. Now the workmen, although readily obeying him, watched him askance, with fear and distrust. They had no faith in the success of any undertaking where he was concerned. The forward of the ship, being at length lifted, the carpenter, in a boat under the bow, went to work, repairing the damage. At this time the day was fine and clear, so that objects ashore could be seen a long distance. Mary stood on the quarter-deck, gazing toward the coast, and thinking that she would like to go ashore, where she thought she could see a dark, moving mass, gliding

along the ridge of an elevated table-land, towering far above and beyond the rocks in front of her. The vision soon disappeared, when, turning to the captain, the girl informed him what she had seen.

"Ay," answered the skipper, who stood behind her. "I saw them too, evidently a band of Tartars, on their way to Siberia."

"Are not those people dangerous?" inquired the fair passenger.

"Most all are simple shepherds, hereabout," answered Blake, "who wouldn't be apt to harm anybody except enemies of war. But there are savage fellows, wandering round the country, as I know from the fact that the boat's crew of the Japan, whaler, were attacked, and had hard work to get off in their boat, after losing a man. Would you like to go ashore, miss?"

"To tell the truth, I did feel like going," answered Mary; "but what you have just said has frightened the desire out of me."

"There's no danger at all," said Blake. "You can see for yourself that the coast now is clear."

Still Mary hesitated.

Punk, overhearing the captain's remark, while coiling a rope on the quarter-deck, now advanced, touching his hat and scraping his foot.

"If you intend going ashore, captain, I should like to go with you. I'm a rough fellow, do you see—shiver my tarry trowsers; but for all that am always ready to protect beauty."

Here he rolled his quid, and turned what he intended for a nautical 'squint' upon Mary.

"You protect beauty! Why blast you, man, if any thing should happen, I'd expect to see those long legs of your'n a-goin' round, like a steamer's paddle-wheel, toward the ship."

Punk colored, and hitched up his waistband.

"We tars do get slandered once in a while," he said, "but —ahoy sir! ahoy! I shall let my deeds speak for me."

"They have spoken for ye," roared Blake, "and the story they've told hasn't been to your credit. So forward ye go, and don't come aft here, boasting again."

He lifted his right foot, mechanically, to hurry Punk's movements. The "tar," however, needed no hurrying now. The sight of the uplifted foot, alone, sent him spinning forward, as fast as his lengthy legs could carry him.

To console himself for the way in which he had been treated, he entered the forecastle, and put on a pair of spotless pants of white duck, a new tarpaulin, with a ribbon ten inches long, and a blue shirt, with a huge, white star worked upon each collar. Thus attired, he returned to the deck, to be at once ordered into the lower hold amid dirt and oil, to remove barrels and casks.

Now Punk, although fond of playing the sailor, was averse to the hard work. He therefore exerted himself as little as possible, while pretending to make the most prodigious efforts.

"A smart man, that fellow," said the minister, pointing Punk out to the mate, while the two stood upon the fore-hatch.

Warlock smiled. Punk, with his back to a cask, and his long legs against another, was pretending to shove with all his might, when, in reality, he did not push with the force of a musk-rat.

"Oh he, ho, ho my, ah yo!" he ejaculated, in what he deemed true nautical style.

"How I love to hear that," said Dalton. "It speaks of industry. There is something in the sturdy 'yo heave ho!' of our seamen—those 'bulwarks of the nation'—which, I may say, is truly inspiring."

"I am glad, sir, to hear you say so."

"Yes," continued Dalton, warming with his subject, "I repeat it: something inspiring, while the confidence which, in peril or hardship, we may repose in those blue-shirted fellows, with their flowing collars and sinewy limbs, is almost—I may say is *entirely without bounds*."

"Oh he, ho, ho, my ah, yo!" continued Punk, from below.

"Here, my good fellow," said Dalton, taking a coin from his pocket, and holding it up before Punk's vision, "here is something to buy yourself tobacco with."

"Thank your honor!" answered Punk, turning, and receiving the coin in his outstretched palm; "thank ye. I will get a whole cargo of tobacco with that. Ay, ay, shiver my splinters!"

He scraped his foot, then returned to his work, not perceiving that, while he stood up, Tom Burke, with grim sun, had substituted a half-filled barrel, in place of the cask. The fact that the barrel did not move an inch, showed the real amount of force exerted by this "American tar."

Meanwhile, Mary having been persuaded by the captain to go with him ashore, the starboard boat was lowered. Warlock and Brandon were also induced to go, the charge of the work being left to the third-mate, a smart young fellow, belonging to Nantucket. The boat soon was manned, the crew consisting of three Kanakas, as many Portuguese, and Punk—the latter being such a poor workman, the captain had concluded to take him—besides the officers.

The boat soon grated upon the beach, when Warlock and Mary, separating from the rest of the party, passed through a deep gorge, with the intention of strolling a little way into the interior.

"What a pleasant day!" exclaimed Mary, with a smile.

"Yes," he answered, "and I take it as an omen of our future."

"You are in advance," said the blushing girl, softly. "People generally look upon the—the—wedding day as the one for that."

She looked so pretty, as she spoke, with the bright color upon her smooth, round cheek, that Warlock involuntarily stooped and kissed her. Then his arm stole round the neat, flexible waist.

Mary trembled; he had never gone so far as that before. She sighed, and gently disengaged his arm.

"Please don't," she said, half smiling. "Papa, you know, can not be far behind us! Besides, what did I tell you once?"

And she playfully held up one little finger.

"You told me that you did not believe in a girl's lover putting his arm round her in that way, until after marriage."

"I know I said so," she answered, looking archly at him, out of the corner of one of her eyes.

"Very well," said Warlock, respectfully, and sadly. "I had forgotten; but you will hereafter have no reason to complain of me."

He walked by her side in silence for some time, when she said, in answer to his last remark :

"I thank you very much for being so kind and forbearing."

He bowed, and looked pleased.

"Yes, you are very forbearing!" she went on, with the slightest possible tone of pique.

He bowed again.

"Oh, how provoking!" suddenly exclaimed Mary, tears springing to her eyes.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired Warlock, anxiously, as she suddenly stopped. "Have you got a pebble in your shoe?"

"No; there is no pebble in my shoe," she answered, gravely.

"I have somehow offended you then!" exclaimed Warlock, deeply pained.

She looked down a moment; then suddenly she laid her rosy cheek, wet with tears, against his bosom, her heart beating like a bird's.

"No; it was not on account of a pebble," she said, solemnly; "it was because I grieved you, just now."

Warlock, still avoiding the pretty waist, endeavored to soothe her by declaring that she had not grieved him.

Still Mary wept, when, unconsciously, hardly knowing what he did, his arm again stole round the waist. He was about to hastily withdraw it, terror-stricken at his temerity, when a bright smile beamed through the young girl's tears, and she at once stopped weeping.

A light broke upon his mind.

"Oh!" he said, to himself; "so it was because I did not do this thing that she wept."

This reflection was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. From behind a rock, about a hundred feet ahead of the two, came a band of wild-looking fellows, Tartars, with the exception of one, a stout, rough-looking man, wearing a dilapidated pair of sailor pants, evidently a deserter from some English ship of war. Each of the others was attired nearly alike, wearing shirt and trowsers of cotton, and over them a tunic of woollen cloth, open in front, and secured round the waist by a girdle, from which hung a

long knife. All wore turbans on their heads, and boots that rose above their knees; their hair was long, and some had heavy mustaches, trimmed so as to give to the wearers an expression of peculiar fierceness. In statue there was but one, a youth not over twenty, who stood six feet. He evidently was the chief, as he walked in front of the rest. There was about him an air of intelligence; his appearance was neater than that of the others. His eyes, of a deep, bright blue, were different from his companions', which were dark. The moment they rested on the form of Mary, they flashed admiration. His companions set up a wild shout, on seeing the two young people, and the chief seemed to find it difficult to keep them in their places.

Finally, forward they all rushed, when, drawing his only weapon of defense, a long, well-sharpened sheath-knife, Warlock, calling upon his shipmates to come to his assistance, stood prepared to protect Mary to the last.

"Come, boys!" exclaimed the deserter. "If we're goin' to do any thing, let's do it; don't let one man scare us!"

The Tartar chief frowned upon the speaker. "Silent you!" he exclaimed. "We not want to hurt girl! Where belong?" he added, addressing Warlock.

"To the ship in the bay," replied the young man, "and I wouldn't advise you to molest us. We have plenty of men aboard, and—"

"Wagh!" interrupted the chief, scornfully; "I with one handful, quick kill or drive back your men!"

"That's the talk—give it to him, will ye?" exclaimed the deserter.

A more repulsive-looking person than the speaker could not be imagined. His protruding jaw, small eyes, retreating forehead, round, bullet-shaped head, and face covered all over with little sprouts of reddish-colored hair, gave him something of the appearance of a gorilla.

"Whoever you may be," said Warlock, "I think it would be more becoming in you to endeavor to prevent these wild men from offering harm to a woman, than to urge them on!"

"Ah, bah! All the becomin' has been knocked out o' me, until I've got tired of white people. Ask a man with

three hundred stripes on his back, stripes got in the naval service, to be becomin', will ye?"

At this juncture the captain, with Punk, Brandon, and several of his boat's crew, made his appearance. On hearing Warlock's call for assistance, the party had armed themselves with boat-lances, harpoons, etc., and each of them seemed determined to do his best except Punk, who, quite crestfallen, could scarcely walk on account of a peculiar tremor about the regions of the knees.

"For God's sake, let us hurry!" exclaimed Brandon, much excited, as the wild Tartars closed round his daughter and Warlock.

The girl had thrown both arms round her lover, as if to shield him with her own person from the knives of his assailants.

"Forward!" exclaimed the agonized father, as with uplifted lance, his one eye flashing lurid light, he bounded toward the group. The young chief sprung at him, knife in hand, while the rest, hurling Warlock to the ground, tore the girl from him.

Dodging a blow from the lance, the dusky leader, springing forward, seized Brandon by the throat, and raised his knife to deal a fatal blow. As he did so he caught the full expression in the other's eye, and for some unaccountable reason hesitated.

Why did he hesitate? The Jonali was said to be gifted with supernatural power; some such power now seemed to arrest the Tartar's hand. The second-mate then knocked him down, while Captain Blake sent his lance whistling toward the deserter, who, having caught Mary round the waist, was endeavoring to snatch a gold chain from her neck. The lance passed through the fleshy part of his shoulder, pinning him to the earth.

Meanwhile Warlock was fighting desperately with those who held him. One of the Tartars fell, badly wounded, beneath his knife, but before he could do more his arms were bent back behind him, so that he could not move them.

The boat's crew—with the exception of Punk, who ran away and hid himself—fought as well as they could with such odds against them. They soon were overpowered; not

one of them but bore about his person an ugly-looking gash.

Brandon's right cheek was seamed with a deep wound which he had received from a Tartar, while endeavoring to dash the fellow who had disarmed him of his lance against a rock. Having captured the whites, the band seemed for the present content to hold them in a firm grasp ; but the miscreant—the deserter, who had been pierced by the captain's lance—fairly boiling over with rage, exhorted his wild companions to cut the prisoners to pieces. The pain of his wound evidently drove him almost mad ; he rolled over and over upon the ground, shrieking, screaming out a terrible oath with every word he uttered.

Some of the Tartars seemed inclined to comply with his wishes. They glanced fiercely from their fallen chief, still lying unconscious, his head upon the knee of one of his men, to Brandon. They also glanced savagely at Warlock, whom it is probable they would at once have killed, but for the weird cries and bemoanings of Mary, who begged them to spare his life.

Finally they held a consultation, when one of them said :

“ Must kill one—one who strike down chief; must kill other who fight much and hurt one man very bad.”

Vainly the girl pleaded ; the savage men threw both the sailors down, and drew their knives to inflict the deadly blow.

The knife of one had already touched Brandon's bosom, when the hand which held it was firmly grasped. The Tartar, turning, beheld Mary.

“ Spare him !” she shrieked ; “ he is my father !”

Her eyes were large, bright, and wild with terror. She trembled in every limb. The would-be murderer could not witness the anguish of the girl unmoved ; he drew back, when the voice of the deserter was again heard.

“ Coward !” he screamed, “ why don't ye do your work ? That chap killed one of your best men, remember that.”

The Tartar, hesitating, glanced alternately at the girl, at Brandon and the deserter.

Finally he called two or three of his companions aside,

held a brief conversation with them, and then said, in a distinct voice:

"One of the two men" (pointing to Brandon and Warlock) "mus' die! Dese two fight much hard—knock down and kill more'n the odders; so that's it. Let her choose which?" nodding toward Mary.

How was she to choose—to choose between father and lover?

She glanced from one to the other; she pressed her hand to her heart, as if to still its tremulous beatings.

Should she choose her father?

"No—oh, no!" her writhing spirit seemed to shriek. What? the parent who had watched over her so tenderly, whom she respected more than any being on earth; who had smiled upon, petted and guided her up to womanhood?

Warlock, then—choose him; he is young, has no living relatives to mourn him, and—

"Oh, God, no!" she murmured; "never, never—a thousand times never!"

He was deep down in her heart; she loved him with her whole soul.

She flew to the Tartar who had put this dreadful alternative before her.

"For God's sake!" she pleaded, clasping her hands, turning her wild eyes up to him, "do not, oh, do not enforce this terrible—this fearful—"

"No odder way!" interrupted the man; "my men want, mus' have one of two die; see!"

He pointed to his companions, who, leaning on their long spears, stood glaring at Warlock and Brandon, like hungry wolves.

Again and again the poor girl vainly pleaded. Some of the boat's crew endeavored to save her the fearful task of choosing. They urged the Tartars to kill Brandon, if they must kill one. Brandon, they said, was a Jonah, and would bring ill-luck wherever he went.

"Ay, ay, the Jonah! Kill! kill! kill!" howled the Kanakas, who composed the greater portion of the boat's crew, "kill Jonah!"

The Tartars, brandishing their spears, rushed on Brandon,

joining their shouts to the cries of the Kanakas, until rock and cliff rung again. Mary threw herself upon her father's bosom, and, with one white hand, she motioned the wild men back.

"Away!" she screamed; "you must not—you shall not harm him! Oh, no, no, no!"

Doubtless, however, the Tartars would have torn her from her parent, and have pierced him with their spears, if the voice of their chief had not at that instant been heard. He had recovered his senses a moment since, and now advanced into the midst of his fierce followers, ordering them back.

As the flame of a fierce fire goes down beneath the rushing torrent, so the flashing eyes, the darkly-flushed faces, and wildly-brandished spears of the Tartars receded before their chief. The young leader turned his glances upon Mary, his eyes beaming like stars, his whole face softening.

"Why so distressed? What you trouble?" he inquired, in a voice which grated far from unpleasantly upon the girl's ears.

Turning toward him, she could not help noticing that his form was tall and of unrivaled proportions, that his face glowed with manly beauty; that in fact he was far handsomer, more civilized, more intelligent-looking than the rest of his band.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOARD SHIP.

WARLOCK did not fail to notice the agreeable impression made by the appearance of this man upon the girl whom he intended to make his wife. A pang of jealousy shot through him; he endeavored, but vainly, to master it. Mary's manner showed that the chief did exert an influence over her.

Advancing to her side, the young leader took her hand.

"Beautiful—beautiful!" he ejaculated in a deep, rich voice—"beautiful girl; me like much to make wife!"

Mary drew back, glancing toward Warlock. He was glad to see her do this; still it did not seem to him that, although the girl frowned, she was as displeased at the liberty taken as she should be.

Trembling all over with excitement, he saw the chief again seize the little hand, this time carrying it to his lips, while he bowed over it as gracefully as a courtier. Mary blushed; ay, she even smiled, and seemed, if any thing, less displeased than before.

She, however, shrunk close to the side of Warlock, who, now burning to chastise the chief for his insolence, was struggling fiercely in the hands of his captors.

"Me love you!" exclaimed the young Tartar, "love much. Be my wife; we go together on fine white horse; give to you!"

Mary could not help smiling; she perceived her power, and no longer entertained fears regarding her party.

"No," she answered, firmly; "I would not do that."

"Why, why you no do—not love some other, eh?"

"I would not wish to leave my father," faltered the young girl, much to the disappointment of Warlock, who had hoped to hear her declare firmly that *he* was the only man she would ever take for a husband.

The chief's countenance brightened.

"Oh, is that *all*?" he cried, evidently agreeably disappointed not to hear her say that she already had a lover. "Never mind, take father with me. Come! if so do, if go with me, spare life of father and all!"

Mary looked down, and said not a word; she evidently was thinking what reply to make.

Stung to the quick by her tardiness, in not at once scornfully refusing the offer made to her, Warlock, with one superhuman effort, breaking from those who held him, sprung forward, and bared his breast.

"If the sacrifice of a human life be the price of her refusal, mine is at your service! Strike! strike, dastard! Pierce me through and through a thousand times rather than take my Mary away from me!"

At these words, the truth of the matter seemed to dawn upon the mind of the young chief. His brow lowered, his eye

flashed lightning, and with one bound, he sprung, knife in hand, toward Warlock.

Mary interposed in time.

"Hold!" she said, smiling upon the chief; "hold! Do not kill him! He is a dear friend of my father's!"

This speech, uttered in the most indifferent manner possible, almost drove Warlock mad.

A friend!—she to style him *only* a friend!

"Mary!" he gasped, "I had never dreamed of this!"

Of course the effect upon the chief, so deeply smitten with the charms of the fair prisoner, was exactly opposite to that upon Warlock. He advanced as his men again grasped the mate, and quietly encircling her waist with his arm, did what Warlock had not yet dared to do—impressed a kiss upon her lips!

True, she drew back quickly afterward; but Warlock thought he could trace but little displeasure upon her face. His heart sunk within him; his brain fairly seemed to swim. Mary glanced toward him, but there was an expression of indifference upon her face, which only added to his tortures. They were wrought up to the very highest pitch when, at length, the young Tartar, bending upon one knee, took both the girl's unresisting hands in his, and pressed them to his lips.

"Beautiful sea-girl! I like you to go with me—will you not go?"

She excused herself as previously, when the Tartar, suddenly starting to his feet, turned toward his band, motioning to them with a stately gesture.

"Go!" he exclaimed—"ride back and tell my people that I will never return to them! Farewell! I am going away!—I am going to follow a star—to follow the sea-girl! Farewell again!"

And he flung his spear to the earth.

Old Captain Blake had listened to this speech with looks of wonder, not quite able to understand it. Suddenly the truth seemed to break upon his mind,

"I think I see into you, Tartar! Ay, ay, blast me if I don't! You mean that you'll leave your people, so as to go aboard my ship? Isn't that it?"

"That's it!" answered the chief. "I follow the sea-girl!"

"And little good that'll do ye, if I ain't mistaken in my reckoning. However, just answer me one thing: How is it that you haven't said a word either about paying or working your passage? P'raps you expect to get your allowance of grub for nothing, too? Ain't that so—eh, Tartar?"

"Don't understand! Mean pay gold, I suppose."

"Ay, gold! that's it! in gold or in work."

The Tartar smiled contemptuously.

"See!" he exclaimed, indicating his band with a wave of the arms, "me quick kill you all if like! Not kill—let go back aboard ship—that pay enough—no?"

"The pay sartainly is poor," answered Blake. "However, I don't know, after all, as I'll grudge you a passage aboard my craft. I may get my pay when we arrive home, by selling you to some museum. You may come aboard my ship, if you like, Tartar."

"Good! go at once!"

He turned to his band, who now came crowding round him gesticulating, speaking to him in their own tongue, in an excited manner, evidently beseeching him not to leave them. He was firm, however, and breaking from them, he followed the seamen, whom he now had set at liberty. His band came after him, brandishing their spears excitedly, and some of them even shedding tears. Warlock, chancing to glance toward Mary, perceived, to his chagrin, that she seemed much affected by these demonstrations of love for the young chief. The latter now stepped into the boat, and the captain was about giving the order to give way, when a pair of long legs were seen, flying up over the top of a rock, not far from the beach. The legs were followed by a body, and then came the face, which, being turned toward the party, was discovered to be Punk's.

"Hello! hello, there! Ahoy! shipmates, ahoy," he shouted, fearing that he was to be left ashore.

"Hurry up, you infernal lubber!" howled Blake; "where was you while the fightin' was a-goin' on?"

"I—I have been looking for a big stone," answered Punk. "I had no weapons, do you see, my hearties—ay, ay, shiver

me!—and so I thought a stone would do to crack a skull or two, with."

"Do you burrow in the earth to look for stones?" inquired Brandon, noticing that there were several chunks of clay clinging to the other's nose. All hands in the boat looked at Punk with expressions of the utmost contempt.

"You were never cut out for a sailor," said Captain Blake. "Blast ye, I've a good mind to tie ye up in the rigging, and give you a rope's end!"

At this Punk's head shrunk away down between his shoulders, and he threw his long legs over the gunwale of the boat, so as to be ready to jump out of reach of the captain, if he should attempt to strike him.

The skipper, however, said no more, and, in the course of half an hour, the boat was alongside the vessel.

The Tartar, although it was evident he had never before boarded a ship, climbed the vessel's side with ease and agility.

Blake at once introduced him to the minister, Dalton, who surveyed the young man with no little interest and curiosity, after he had heard the captain's story.

"I am surprised to hear him speak English so well," remarked the minister.

"Ay, ay, he *does* speak well for a blasted Tartar," cried the captain; "but there's a desarter—a lubber—ashore, who has taught him and his band the lingo, I suppose."

While this conversation was going on, Warlock and Mary stood near the round-house aft.

The young mate, seeing the girl smile, as the Tartar passed them, leaning on the arm of Dalton—who had resolved at once to take the wild fellow under his control and civilize him—felt his jealousy revive.

"Mary," he said, looking down earnestly upon her, "why did you act and speak so ashore? Why treat me so coldly?"

"Can not you guess the reason?" she inquired, returning the pressure of his hand.

"No, indeed, I can not."

"Men are stupid," she playfully remarked. "Know, then, that my reason was to save your life. That wild chief would have torn you to pieces, had I given him cause to think that you were my lover."

"Never, oh, never will I distrust you again, my own noble girl," exclaimed Warlock, stooping, unseen by the rest of the crew, and kissing her.

A moment after, the Tartar again passed them. His fiery eyes, lighted with admiration, were turned upon the girl, who cowered beneath his glance.

Warlock sighed uneasily.

"It is strange," said he, "that the captain should have permitted that wretch of an outlaw to come aboard."

"It seems natural enough to me," answered Mary. "Evidently he would have carried me off but for that."

"I don't know," answered Warlock. "At any rate, I for one am not inclined to show him much kind attention. A robber and a murderer, he does not deserve it."

"I doubt if *he* ever murdered," said Mary. "For my part, I should have far less fear of him than of that white man whom we saw among the band. He seems, in fact, more intelligent than the rest."

Warlock listened rather impatiently to this speech. Smothering his jealousy as best he could, he walked forward to attend to his duties in the hold.

These were soon finished, after which the captain went to work, getting up his anchors. He saw the band of Tartars ashore remain upon the beach, gazing toward the ship, and feared that they would come in accelerated numbers at night, and swimming to his vessel, attack the craft. For this reason he was anxious to take advantage of a favorable wind, and of the carpenter's having finished repairing the bow, to leave the bay.

It was about seven bells, (half-past seven o'clock,) first night-watch, when the Albatross went bowling out of the harbor, under top-gallantsails.

The coast receded in twilight and distance, and the ship was soon well out at sea.

She made good time, and, in the course of a few days, was within a fortnight's sail of the Sandwich Islands.

Meanwhile, Dalton had taken into his head to make a religious convert of "Tamerlane," as he had styled the Tartar, and by which name the latter now was known throughout the ship.

Brandon was amused at the many odd questions put to the reverend man by this child of the coast. As for the captain, he seemed to think it would be better to make the youth acquainted with whales and "sparin ile." He endeavored to teach him how to handle a harpoon and a lance, which lessons, by the way, seemed to please the chief better than Dalton's graver ones.

Brandon, somehow, had felt drawn to the young Tartar from the first, and truth must compel us to acknowledge that Mary was under the same mysterious influence. She fought against it, but somehow the presence of Tamerlane always inspired her with peculiar sensations.

Warlock perceived this, and it troubled him much. He probably was the only person aſt who held himself aloof, with cold reserve, from the young man. The latter, since coming aboard, had opportunities enough of judging as to the relation occupied by Warlock and Mary toward each other. He, therefore, was not at all anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of the mate.

Whenever the two met they would scowl upon each other in no amiable manner.

How different was the expression of the Tartar's face, whenever his glances rested upon the pretty features of Mary Brandon. Then his eyes would glow, and his whole soul, teeming with admiration, seem concentrated in one look. Such a gaze could but please a much more fastidious damsel than the fair passenger.

One morning he stood leaning against the capstan, watching, in his usual ardent manner, the form of Mary, who had just come up from the cabin, when Warlock accidentally jostled against him.

The mate was on the point of apologizing, when he caught the Tartar's glance, bent upon him from under a scowling brow. This so angered Warlock that he forgot to make excuses.

"Dog!" cried the Tartar, fiercely, "why hit 'gainst me?"

A dangerous light came to the mate's eye. Up went his fist, down went the Tartar!

The latter rose, threw himself upon the young officer, as quick as a flash, and with an unexpected movement whirled him over his hip; then lifted him bodily, and would have

dashed him over the deck like a stone, if the young man, as lithe and active as he was strong, had not contrived to regain his balance by whirling himself completely round, sideways, in the other's grasp. Coming to his feet, he caught his antagonist by the throat, and a desperate struggle ensued.

Brandon and the captain saw it, and interposed.

"What means this?" inquired the skipper.

Neither of the young men answered.

"What was the trouble about?"

Punk, who, from the carpenter's bench had witnessed the quarrel, now came aft and explained.

"I will not permit this!" cried the captain, angrily. "I will not have an officer of mine treated otherwise than respectfully by any person aboard. So, Tartar, I must confine you in the run." if T - man - run - ed - go it over - it - run - it

"I would rather you would not do that, captain," said Warlock. "The quarrel was a fair one. Why should you confine him?" of - noiz - an - fin - it - not - run - and - not - all - run - it

"For calling you a dog, sir! That's something I won't stand aboard my craft."

"The Tartar's combativeness," suggested Punk, "is evidently well enveloped. His head is wide from ear to ear, showing also a large envelopment in the organ of instructiveness."

"Nonsense!" cried Blake; "just you go forward, and help stow them barrels of spar-mire."

"Ay, ay, sir! Shiver my tarry trowsers—ahoy!"

"A true specimen of the American tar; a perfect sailor, that," said Dalton, admiringly.

The minister, absorbed in his studies and his own thoughts, when in the cabin, had not heard of Punk's cowardice ashore.

"He's the biggest lubber aboard," returned the skipper. Mary now came to his side.

"You—you are not going to hurt him?" she said.

"Hurt who?" if - noiz - an - fin - it - not - run - and - not - all - run - it

"Tamerlane."

Warlock, turning upon his heel, walked to the ice-rail, and stood uneasily watching Mary, who, while she acknowledged that she thought the Tartar was most to blame, begged the captain not to confine him.

This she would have done in behalf of a perfect stranger,

but Warlock construed every word into an expression of peculiar sympathy for Tamerlane.

The captain, however, would not be turned from his purpose. The steward brought up handcuffs, and as the Tartar did not know what they were, the skipper found it an easy task to slip them over the young man's wrists.

The prisoner was then conducted to the run, and the hatch secured above him. As it fell clicking, Warlock turned to see tears in Mary's eyes.

The next day, learning that his allowance consisted of nothing but cold water and sea-biscuits, she persuaded the captain to give him better. Warlock had heard her, and again was a prey to jealousy. Toward evening he drew the young girl aside.

"Mary," said he, solemnly, "tell me plainly if you do not love me?"

"Love you? Oh, Harry! how can you doubt that?"

To this the young man made no reply, for several minutes; then he said that he believed she felt an interest in Tamerlane.

Mary blushed, and frankly acknowledged that she did.

"But," added she, "it is entirely different from my feelings toward you: that you must know."

"He has an influence over you?"

"Yes; but not like yours."

"What is it like, then?"

"Oh, Harry, you press me too close! How can I answer such a question? I could not explain the influence. It is peculiar: something I never felt before!"

This speech stabbed Warlock's heart like a knife. He governed himself, however; then, encircling Mary's waist, he said:

"You must prove that you love me!"

"Prove it!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Yes: by marrying me!"

"And have I not promised?"

"Yes; but what I request is that you marry me now—at once—here, aboard ship!"

"A marriage aboard a ship! Why, Harry, who ever heard of such a thing?"

"It can be done. We have a minister here."

"Oh, I could not think of it!"

Nevertheless Harry, with true eloquence, soon brought her over to his wishes. She consented to marry him aboard ship, provided her papa was willing.

Accordingly Brandon was at once consulted. He thought they had better wait, but saw no serious objection. As to Dalton, he was delighted.

"A bridal at sea—something truly novel," he remarked, smiling and rubbing his hands.

Punk, standing at the wheel, grinned and rolled his quid.

"Ay, ay, sir! Shiver me, novel it is!" he remarked, stretching his long legs.

"Ah, here he is again! our son of Neptune!" ejaculated Dalton, playfully patting the speaker upon the back.

"Beg your honor's pardon!" said Punk. "Ahoy, sir, ahoy!"

The news of the intended marriage soon found its way to the captain.

"A wedding aboard ship," said he, "is something which I've never heard of before. I don't see any objection, however, providing the parties consarned be willing, and the bride has a gown to wear for the occasion."

The wedding-day was fixed upon for the morrow. The crew forward hearing that they would be invited aft to witness the ceremony, soon were busy, washing out shirts and trowsers. Punk polished his number ten slippers until they shone like patent leathers, and donned a pair of flowing duck pants, measuring nearly two yards round the bottoms.

Old Tom Burke was the only man who did not seem pleased with the idea of a wedding aboard ship.

"It's no use, mates," said he, "there'll be no luck in this thing, any more than in t'others, while there's a Jony in the craft. Mark my words, the wedding will be misfortunate."

The Kanakas and Portuguese looked gloomy. "Think we have wreck—go to bottom?" inquired one.

"P'raps so, or even something worse; no tellin' when there's a Jony aboard."

Next morning a clear, cloudless sky, and a light breeze seemed to belie the prophesy of old Burke. A more pleasant

day could not be imagined. The blue waves rolled tinkling, shining all over, as if sown with stars, and the porpoises went leaping merrily along, past the vessel. A low and aloft, the broad sails, just filled by the breeze, spread their snowy bosoms, casting graceful, swaying shadows over deck and water. All hands were early on deck, neatly dressed in blue and duck pants, spotless clean shirts and jackets. Aft, some men were engaged in adorning the quarter-deck with flags, arranged in graceful festoons, and a snow-white canvas canopy, stretching from the top of the round-house to the larboard davits. Old Burke was one of those thus employed. His face was gloomy, and his eyes shone with a significant expression, which the captain could not help noticing.

"Come, my man, what ails you?"

"There's a Jonah in this craft," answered Tom, "and that's going to affect the wedding."

"Nonsense; you are very foolish."

"Never mind, sir," said the old sailor; "you'll see!"

The preparations soon were completed. After breakfast the captain summoned all hands aft. They were ranged on the lee side of the deck, where their dark faces, side by side, contrasted curiously with the white of the canopy above their heads. The minister, with the Bible before him, stood near the captain, waiting for the young couple to come up.

Nor was he obliged to wait long. Mary and Warlock soon emerged on deck, the bride wearing the wedding raiment which had been used by her mother, and which the young girl had brought to sea with her, in her trunk. She looked surpassingly lovely with the delicate lace barely hiding the snowy shoulders and the matchless arms, with the orange-wreath around her bright dark hair, drooping in heavy masses. Just as she stepped on deck some person emerged from the steerage. It was the Tartar, whom the captain had released from confinement, a couple of hours previously. A ghastly hue rested on his face, his lips were compressed, and he trembled in every limb. Meeting his wild glance, Mary turned pale, and Warlock felt her arm shake upon his own.

He bit his lips and a sharp pang shot through him. Controlling his feelings, however, he endeavored to seem pleased and happy, as he led the blushing girl before Dalton.

Brandon stepped up, kissed his daughter, then put her hand in Warlock's.

"Proceed," he said, in a husky voice, which plainly revealed his emotion.

The words making Warlock and Mary man and wife, soon were pronounced. The Tartar, with gloomy brow, watched the couple as they were about descending through the companionway. At the same moment the deafening cheers of the seamen fell upon his ears. He scowled, breathed a heavy sigh, and walking over to windward, stood gazing down into the water, evidently indulging a disagreeable reverie. An instant after he heard the captain's voice.

"Well, Tom Burke, you perceive that the wedding passed off without any trouble, after all?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old tar, who, perched upon the quarter-rail, had for some time been watching a cloud of the size of a little snow-ball, which was coming up in the horizon to windward. "Ay, ay sir, so far; but do you see that thing?" pointing to the cloud.

"Ay, ay," repeated the captain. "What of it?"

"We're goin' to have a screamer, sir! Somethin' that'll make the old craft shiver, as she never shivered before."

The captain knew too well the skill of old sailors in foretelling a tempest not to disrespect the words of Burke. He procured his glass, and carefully scrutinized the cloud.

Just then the steward thrust his head through the companionway.

"Dinner ready, sir!"

The dinner being a bridal repast, had been got up with unusual care, and the skipper had looked forward to it ever since breakfast, with no little eagerness. Now, however, he scarcely heeded the announcement. There was a look about the approaching cloud which he did not like. It was girded by a yellowish ring, and seemed to grow larger every moment.

The rapidity of its approach exceeded any thing the captain had ever witnessed. In ten minutes it had come from the verge of the horizon almost to the zenith.

"Dinner, sir," repeated the steward.

"Ay, ay, in a moment," answered Blake, sharply.

As he spoke a sudden roaring, crackling, humming noise was heard. Right to windward, scarcely five ships' lengths off, the white water rose into great sheets of driving spray. Several drops were whirled into the skipper's face.

At this down he jumped, his voice ringing through the ship like a wedge going through timber.

"Hands by the halliards! In with royals and to'-gallant-sails! Stand by to clew up topsails!"

Kanakas, Portuguese and whites ran, swarming all over the ship. Blocks creaked, yards began to move, and canvas to roll up.

"Lively! lively, men! Hard-a-port, there, at the wheel!"

As the helmsman obeyed a noise like the crashing of a hundred huge forest trees, smote upon the ears of all.

Down went the ship upon her beam-ends, with the water pouring, tumbling over her weather-rail in huge torrents, while she flew along upon her course with the speed of lightning.

Soon the force of the gale leveled the vast ocean as flat as a marble floor, hissing, seething, roaring with the din of many thunders, it stretched far away, dimly away into the blinding spray with which the air was filled. Through this spray the gleam of phosphorus shone like shooting stars, while, linked with the scintillant light, might have been observed little electric chains of fire, circling round and round, here and there, like winged serpents.

The force of the gale was terrific. Sheets and tacks gave way, some of the canvas was torn to tatters, while the masts nodded like willows, creaking and snapping as if about going over.

The bridal dinner was of course interrupted. The sudden roll of the vessel to leeward had thrown plates and platters to the deck, where they were shattered into fragments. The officers hurried up, to help issue orders, and to pull the sails, as the crew were short-handed.

With humming keel the vessel tore along upon her course, rolling, plunging, pitching with a violence which threatened to carry away her spars every moment. Old Burke, who had just come down from aloft, shook his head.

"I knowed that wedding wouldn't come off all right, with the Jony in her," muttered he, in a low voice.

The captain heard him.

"We will come out," said he, "without the loss of a spar."

As he spoke the vessel made a furious plunge, then up she came again, with thunder running through every timber. A crack was heard aloft; down went the maintop-gallant-mast, catching in the huge topsail, and with its weight, combined with the slatting of the canvas, threatening to carry away the rest of the mast!

"Aloft there, and clear that spar!" thundered the skipper.

The sailors, however, shrugged their shoulders. No man believed he could maintain his footing on the yard, in such a blow.

Warlock, who had just been directing the man at the wheel, perceiving this, sprung to mount aloft, when the tall form of the Tartar, passing him, was in an instant seen in the rigging.

Since coming aboard ship that person had evinced such interest in nautical matters, that the captain and Brandon had taken pleasure in giving him instructions. As he was fond of going aloft, he had been shown how to furl a top-gallant-sail, and to help the men reef topsails, besides being taught to make several intricate hitches and knots. In going aloft he had shown wonderful agility. He could run up the rigging like a squirrel, could climb the leeches of the sails, and had been seen to walk out to the end of a yard, that is, on top of a yard, while the ship was rolling and pitching on long, heavy swells.

Now there was about the manner of the young chief a certain recklessness, a headstrong carelessness of life, which did not fail to attract the attention of all who watched him. Brandon, a man of penetration, divined the cause. He had not, of course, failed to remark the Tartar's admiration of his daughter ashore, nor the subsequent tenderness and respect which he had shown her. With his one eye he at once read the secret of the man of the coast, and felt much sympathy for him on that very account.

It grieved him much to behold the youth now fling himself so heedlessly into the rigging, scarcely holding on to the shrouds as he went aloft. All on deck watched him with anxiety, expecting every moment to see him dashed headlong

into the raging waters. With a rope, containing a bowline hitch, he was soon upon the topsail-yard, which he now carelessly straddled. Thus seated he was one moment lifted far up, apparently to the very skies, and the next carried away down into a watery abyss.

Even Tom Burke shrugged his shoulders, and said that the Tartar could never come back alive.

Fortune often favors daring. The young chief, dexterously throwing his rope, caught it round the end of the careening spar, then, pulling downward, cleared the sail in a moment, the shattered mass of wood falling alongside.

To return to the deck was, with the adventurer, the work of a moment. Down he came, by means of a backstay, which he held on to quite carelessly, as if not caring much whether he was thrown overboard or not.

"Ay, ay, now, Tartar!" exclaimed Captain Blake, advancing and grasping his hand. "You've got pluck and no mistake!"

Warlock, too, filled with the natural admiration of a daring man for daring, and for the moment forgetting the ill-feeling existing between him and the young Tartar, also held out his hand.

Tamerlane, however, drew haughtily back, refusing the proffered hand with a gesture of proud disdain. At this, Warlock simply turned upon his heel, and walked away indifferently. As he did so he saw Mary peering through the companionway, and knew by the sparkle of her eyes that she had seen the performance of the chief.

"Harry," she said, admiringly, "what a brave deed!"

"It *was* a brave deed," Warlock frankly answered. "But you had better go below now," he added, as a cloud of spray flew over the young girl.

She obeyed, after which Warlock assisted the men aloft furling the topsail, which could now be easily stowed, as the gale had slightly abated.

... upon a drift anchor being cast off and
the ship's crew were all of them upon the deck.
The anchor had been cast off by the crew.

CHAPTER VIII.

The anchor had been cast off by the crew.

THE gale kept abating gradually, and finally the captain ordered the fore and mizzen-topsail to be loosened.

At that moment, however, a man on the fore-yard sung out, "Land O ! right ahead !"

"Never mind the topsail!" roared the captain. "Stand by to wear ship!"

The men obeyed; tacks and sheets soon were whipping about, and round came the ship. Before she could gather way on her new course, she was less than forty fathoms from the shore, a long, oval-shaped island, bordered by shrubbery-covered rocks, and with a beach as white as snow, above which the tall cocoanut was seen, gracefully waving.

Leaning over the side, the captain now observed a number of little eddies, whirling swiftly round and round, betokening a strong current. This current drew the vessel rapidly shoreward, in spite of all the skipper's exertions.

"We will have to anchor," said he, and gave the required order.

As he always made a practice of carrying a ready anchor, the ponderous mass of iron soon, with a loud splash, descended into the sea, and went roaring down to the bottom, where, luckily, it found good holding-ground. Still the vessel would drag in course of time, so the captain also had a cable bent on to the sheet-anchor, which was also let go.

"Now then, we're safe, for the present," said the skipper, rubbing his hands.

"Ay, ay, safe it is, sir," said Punk, as he went rolling past, on his way forward.

"Where did you come from?" inquired Blake, staring upon the man as if he thought he had just risen from his grave.

Punk's face was covered with a curious mixture of tar and tow, especially the region about the nose.

"Where did I come from, sir?" he inquired. "Why, shiver

me, captain, but that's a strange question, begging your pardon, for you to ask. I was aloft, helping to furl the main-top-sail."

"Lie!" exclaimed the young Tartar, who stood not far off, and his lip curled with contempt. "Saw you during the storm in the steerage, among rigging, with your nose against tar-bucket!"

At this the whole quarter-deck rung with laughter, and Punk's long legs were seen whirling round and round, like a paddle-wheel, as he darted forward.

Dalton, coming up soon after, and beholding Punk seated on the fore-yard, with both hands clasping the mast, and his long legs dangling down, was penetrated with profound admiration.

"A beautiful sight," he remarked, turning with a smile to the captain. "That son of Neptune, even when the dangers of the storm are over, can not, like us landsmen, content himself in staying here below, but must mount to the dizzy spar between sea and sky, and there fix his place of rest."

The captain rolled his quid, opened his eyes very wide, then, grinning from ear to ear, walked off with a mysterious nod.

Dalton then made his way forward, and jumping upon the knighthead, with his hands under his coat-tails, the following colloquy took place between him and Punk:

"Do you not, my friend," said Dalton, "find it disagreeable, so far up in the air, on a high mast? I should think it would make your head turn round."

"Good-day to your honor," answered Punk; "ahoy, sir, ahoy; we sailors are not troubled with dizziness, your honor."

To show his recklessness, Punk, carefully holding on to the mast with both hands, began to dance a sambuco on the yard, his long legs flying about like a windmill.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Dalton. "Now really that is a performance. Why, I could not believe it possible if it were not passing before my very eyes."

"Shiver my tarry to'lights!" shouted Punk; "ahoy there, ahoy! Whales off the lee binnacle!"

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Dalton; "such men are the glory of

our marine—such men fought in the Constitution under the gallant Paul Jones. My friend, did you ever hear of Paul Jones?"

"Hear of him!" said Punk, with dignity; "every American seaman, your honor, wears him in his heart. Hooray! hooray! hooray!" waving his tarpaulin round his head. "'If we can not do better, we'll sink alongside!' "

"That is inspiring," said Dalton, his eyes glowing. "Really, it seems to me as if I could hear the crashing of the round-shot through the frigate's timbers!"

At that moment, something struck Punk on the top of the head. It was nothing but a ball of spun-yarn, contemptuously dropped upon the pretender by Tom Burke, who was far above him, repairing a foot-rope. The long-legged "sailor" was much frightened, but his face being just then turned sideways, the minister, who had now jumped down from the knighthead, and was moving aft, did not observe his terror.

About this time a whale-boat, to enable the men to repair some damages done to the rudder, was lowered astern. The workmen were under the superintendence of the third-mate, who, chancing to look up, saw the Tartar above him, evidently watching his operations with much interest.

"Good-afternoon, Tamerlane."

"Good-day."

"I see you take an interest in our work."

"Yes."

"How is it you were not frightened by the storm, Tartar? You certainly never were to sea before."

"Don't know."

"What?"

"Don't know. Feel somehow as if been on ship's deck before; must have dreamed it."

"Ay, ay," laughed the third-mate; "I understand, a Chinese junk, perhaps, when you were a youngster."

"Perhaps."

The Tartar seemed to fall into a reverie. His brows were knitted, his eyes glowed like coals.

Finally, just as the third-mate, having finished his work,

was about mounting to the deck, leaving the boat still lying astern, Tamerlane looked up.

"Whale-boat good boat?"

"Ay, ay."

"Sail fast?"

"Ay, ay."

"With only one man in him, how you do? How you work boat?"

"You'd have to scull, if you didn't have a sail."

"Show how you mean."

"With pleasure," and jumping into the boat with the Tartar, the officer showed his companion how to scull with a steering-oar.

The Tartar watched him silently, then took the oar himself, and kept practicing until he was quite an adept in the business.

"Why, Tamerlane, I never saw anybody learn as fast as you do."

The Tartar seemed insensible to the compliment, but kept working away at the oar, as if determined to perfect himself in the use of it.

"Going to leave boat here all night?"

"Ay, ay; we haven't quite completed our work; I shall set the men at it again in the morning."

Tamerlane, dropping the oar, now sprung on deck, in time to see Mary, who had come up a moment before, moving toward the companionway. Night was darkening over the deck, but the eyes of the two might have been seen to shine as their glances met.

"What is this strange influence that the man has over me," muttered the young wife.

As she spoke, she saw the Tartar bound lightly toward her. He seized her hand, and pressed upon it an earnest kiss; then, before the indignant bride could say a word, glided on and disappeared in the gloom.

When Mary entered the cabin she found Dalton seated with the captain and Brandon, before a small table.

"Yes," the minister was saying, "I should really like to go ashore to-morrow. Will you be of the party, Mrs. Warlock?" he added, rising and offering her his seat. "I have no

doubt we will have a pleasant time, picking some of the many curious shells which can be seen from our deck, strewn along the beach."

"Yes, sir, I should like to go."

"Very well," said Warlock, who just then entered; "and," he added, laughing, "we will see if any thing happens to interrupt our party, as it did to interrupt our dinner."

"I trust not," murmured Mary.

She shuddered as she spoke, and turned slightly pale.

"What is the matter? You are ill?" exclaimed Warlock.

"No," she answered, smiling; "not ill, but, I don't know why, I feel strangely uneasy."

At this Brandon looked up, his one eye gleaming anxiously. His wife had always been subject to what are termed presentiments, and he had reason to think that Mary had inherited this peculiarity from her mother.

He mastered his emotion, and said calmly:

"The excitement during yesterday's storm was too much for you; you had better retire."

Mary, however, shook her head, and said she would sit up awhile. Her husband endeavored to dispel the strange melancholy which seemed to rest upon her like a shadow, but all in vain.

Finally she retired to her little room, which adjoined that of Warlock. The young man, while kissing her, and bidding her good-night, could perceive that she trembled.

After she was gone, he told Brandon that he feared she was ill.

"No, I guess not," answered the father, uneasily; "she probably will be as bright as a May morning by to-morrow."

While lying at anchor in port the crews of whalers generally stand what are termed anchor-watches. An anchor-watch is one which is kept by a single man forward and another—usually a boat-steerer—astern. This was the case on the present occasion; the man forward being Tom Burke, and the one astern a Kanaka harpooner, with a huge head, much given to dozing away his time at night, under all circumstances. Wrapped in his pea-jacket, Burke was pacing the

deck, when he thought he heard a noise as of a splash, and a singular gasping, astern.

He paused and listened, but not hearing the noise repeated, concluded that it was caused by a shark or some other fish leaping out of the water. The hour was about eleven o'clock, the night was dark, and there was some fog on the water. Burke glanced ast and astern, but he could see nothing, and so continued his walk. Not long had he paced the deck when he felt a hand upon his arm, and turning beheld Brandon, his one eye gleaming like a blood-red star, in the light of the lantern hung up in the fore-rigging.

"I have just waked from a bad dream," he said, in a hoarse voice ; "I hope nothing has gone wrong."

Burke looked up, shaking his head gloomily.

"It's no use, sir," he said ; "for, although nothing has gone wrong since I came on deck, yet there is no telling how long it will be before there will, seem' as you, sir, are in the craft."

"Pshaw, man, not cured of your foolish superstition yet?"

"Foolish! haven't it come true, sir? Ain't we had misfortune ever since we set sail?"

"Yes; but that was merely chance; I, of course, had nothing to do with it."

"Might as well call every thing chance; it's queer chance, sir, what's happened!"

"Well, at any rate," said Brandon, "I trust that at last our troubles are ended."

"No, sir; only one way—for you to go ashore."

"You are mad."

"While you're in the craft, there'll be no luck; your darter may yet be drowned, for all you know, if you stay aboard."

"My daughter!" exclaimed Brandon, anxiously; then, stilling a strange, unaccountable feeling, he replied : "You *must* rid yourself of these foolish notions!" He added : "You say the whale-boat is still astern? That is carele, men; call some of your shipmates and hook on to the vessel; we must hoist it up."

Burke obeyed; four men went aft to execute Brandon's

order, when, to their astonishment, they discovered that the boat was gone.

"I knowed it," muttered Tom Burke, emphatically; "I knowed that *something* bad would come of an order from the Jony."

The men returned with the news to Brandon, who, much surprised in his turn, ran ast to find that the men had spoken the truth.

He stooped, and pulled up a remnant of the boat-warp dangling down.

"Bring a lantern," said he.

It was brought, when the second-mate held up the warp before Burke.

It had been severed by a knife.

"One, or perhaps more of the crew have made off with the boat," he said.

"Not while I was on deck," answered Burke.

"Call all hands!"

The old sailor obeyed, and up came the men, grumbling at being disturbed. When they were ranged before him, Brandon, with the aid of the boat-lantern, counted them, to discover that all were present!

"Strange!" he exclaimed. "Who can have cut that boat adrift? None of the officers, certainly."

"No sir," answered Burke. "Nobody ast could have done so unless it were that strong-headed fellow, Tamerlane!"

Brandon, however, smiled at this suggestion. He knew that the Tartar admired his daughter, and would not believe that he willingly would quit the girl whom he had followed out to sea, in preference to remaining with his wild tribe.

Unable to fathom the mystery, and therefore concluding to postpone further investigation until the following morning, he went below, and endeavored to compose himself to sleep. For a long time he lay awake, troubled with a strange, uneasy feeling to which he had long been a stranger. Toward morning he fell into a light slumber, from which he was finally waked by an earnest shake upon the shoulder.

He opened his eyes to see Warlock. The face of the young man was pale and haggard, his eyes wild, his whole frame trembled.

"For God's sake, what is the matter?"

"Gone!" gasped Warlock. "Gone!"

"Gone? Who?"

"Mary, my wife! my wife! Oh, God, sir! Oh, God!"

"Speak! What mean you?" exclaimed Brandon, springing with a bound to the deck.

"She is gone!" repeated Warlock, with a half-stifled sob. "Where—God only knows! I waked early: I rose, and when ready to go on deck, knocked at her door. There was no response: I opened the door, which, to my surprise, I found ajar, and—and—her berth was empty!"

Brandon, almost maddened by the story he heard, followed the speaker to Mary's room, to discover the truth of what Warlock had said. The berth was empty, but Mary's dress was gone, betokening to the father's agitated mind that she had departed in a leisurely manner—had stopped to dress.

The two men now made their way on deck, where they found the officers all talking over the mysterious disappearance. Warlock had informed them of it, and they were vainly endeavoring to conjecture the cause.

A disagreeable thought had for some time seemed to disturb the mind of the skipper, who stood, rolling his quid uneasily.

When Brandon came up he caught the bereaved father by the hand.

"I am sorry, Brandon, blasted sorry for you, and for you, Warlock, too!"

Then, drawing the second-mate aside, he whispered:

"The *Tartar* hasn't been seen this morning!"

Brandon started: the blood faintly rushed to his heart: for a moment he was so indignant that he could have knocked the captain down.

"You don't mean to imply—"

"I mean that she sart'inely has gone off with him! but whether willingly or not I of course ain't able to say. From what I know of her, as a nice, worthy gal, do you see, I don't think she would do any thing wrong."

The captain had meant to speak low enough for Warlock not to hear; but, unfortunately he had, during his long sea experience, acquired a rude habit of talking loud, and every

word he uttered fell distinctly on the ears of every person present.

An arrow seemed to pierce the young man's heart; scarcely knowing what he did, he sprung to seize the captain by the throat.

"It is false!" he cried. "She would never—never—have done that!"

Brandon interposed between the young man and the skipper.

"Hold!" he exclaimed, "let there be no quarreling! God knows the matter is bad enough without that!"

"No," said the skipper, "we should rather try to devise means for overtaking the Tartar!"

"Ay, ay, down with the larboard boat! down! down with it!" howled Warlock, almost distracted. "I will go at once!"

"Calm yourself, young man!" said Dalton, now coming forward. "You may feel confident that you can eventually overtake your wife, and also that she has been *forced* away!"

"Of course she has!" cried Brandon. "Let no man dare to say to me that my daughter went *willingly!*" he added, his one eye glowing with lurid light. "And now we had better go about our business at once. The Tartar can not as yet have proceeded very far."

Hung up above the beams on the quarter-deck, there was a ship's cutter which the crew had picked up when within a day's sail of the Western Islands. This boat the captain thought would be just the thing for the pursuit, as it carried a large mainsail and jib, and was built so light and sharp, that its speed could not be less than that of a whale-boat, which is deemed the fastest sailer, for its size, of any craft that is made. The cutter was taken down and lowered alongside; then some breakers of fresh water, with provisions enough to last for a week, were stowed in it. Soon after the rail was also placed across the thwarts, together with some good oars made expressly for the boat, months before, by the carpenter. The captain had taken this pains because he was a careful skipper, and had foreseen that the boat, at some future time, would come in use. When it was made ready all hands were

summoned ast, and ranged on the lee side of the quarter-deck.

"Men," said the captain, "you have doubtless heard of what has happened. Now I want volunteers for the cutter, which is to go in chase of the Tartar. Who'll volunteer?"

There was no response; not a man stepped from the line.

"Lively there!" cried the skipper, impatiently.

Still not a man budged.

The captain became angry.

"What!" he exclaimed, "are you all such a pack of cowards that you are not willing even to run a little risk for the sake of a husband and a father?"

Tom Burke stepped forth as spokesman for his shipmates.

"We pity them too, sir, as much as it is possible; but, do you see, we don't like venturing with a Jony in the boat! Let him remain aboard, and we'll volunteer to a man!"

"Nonsense!" cried the irritated skipper.

"Beegin' your pardon, sir!" began Burke, but the captain checked him with an impatient wave of the hand.

"You shall go! I'll have no such doings aboard my ship! I'll pick out the crew myself. You, Burke for the first man."

Burke shook his head gloomily.

"I never refused orders and I won't now: but just be so good, captain, as to send my chest, with the duds in it, home to my little grandchild, Ellen Burke, that lives at New Bedford!"

"Why, you old shark, what mean you?"

"I mean that them that goes in that boat, under a Jonah, will never come back!"

As he said this he jumped into the boat.

"Now there's a brave man for you!" cried the skipper, "and when he comes back he shan't go unrewarded!"

The next man chosen was Punk, who, with pretended hardihood, on hearing his name pronounced, stepped forth, touched his enormous tarpaulin, and bowed, scraping the deck with his left foot.

"Good!" exclaimed Dalton, rubbing his hands with a cheerful air, and patting Warlock upon the back. "With such men you need have no fear about recovering your bride!"

"Shiver my tarry to'lighs!" exclaimed Punk, as he went rolling along to the waist.

"The light-hearted carelessness with which your true son of the ocean faces danger is certainly remarkable!" cried the minister, with unbounded admiration.

Meanwhile Punk, trembling in his number tens, shivering all over with a feeling of dread, threw up his long legs, and slowly went down the ship's side into the boat.

The rest of the crew being selected, with gloomy faces, took their stations upon their thwarts. Before the boat left the ship's side, the captain put into Brandon's hand a small pocket-compass.

"There!" he cried, addressing the superstitious crew. "You see how much faith I have in the safe return of this boat, when I trust in it this compass, which I prize more than any thing I ever had, as it was a present from my *maternal* grandfather!"

A faint cheer was the response, but it was evident that it was forced; there was no heart in it!

"Give way!" howled Warlock, in a voice that rung sharp on the ear; "give way."

The crew, composed, besides Burke, Punk and the two officers, of four Kanakas and as many Portuguese, laid back to their oars and made the boat jump.

A breeze, blowing from land, soon after, suggested the setting of mainsail and jib. This was done, when away went the cutter with redoubled speed. By sundown land and ship were out of sight, but nothing of the fugitive had as yet been seen.

"We may be on the wrong course, who can tell?" exclaimed Brandon, despairingly.

There was a low murmur among the crew.

"Of course, with a Jonah in the boat!"

"Silence!" roared Brandon; "not another word of such foolishness!" . . .

With sullen faces the men continued to ply their oars. Darkness soon closed round them, when Brandon permitted them to rest, keeping his craft running along as fast as his mainsail and jib would permit.

In the course of half an hour, the moon rose, and silver

Light glittered far along the waves. Still there was nothing visible of the fugitive boat. The wind kept freshening every moment: finally it roared a gale.

"Now, then, our time has come!" muttered Burke, scarcely above a whisper. "No luck while the Jonah is with us!"

Punk heard him, and trembled so that he could scarcely sit upon his thwart.

Soon the seas came rolling and tumbling over both gunwales, when Punk kept jumping up and down in a very frightened, unsailorlike manner. Brandon, angry at his behavior, rapped him over the head with a paddle, and ordered him to remain quiet.

"Ay, ay, sir—quiet it is!" answered Punk, his teeth chattering.

The gale continued heavy, several times almost swamping the cutter.

"My God! if Mary be out in such a sea, what hope for her, with that inexperienced Tartar to guide the boat?" cried Warlock.

"True enough!" answered Brandon, full of the most dismal forebodings. "May heaven help my child!"

"Light O!" howled old Burke, who, with sou'-wester jammed over his brow, sat in the bow, helping to keep a lookout!

Yes, there, sure enough, was a light, far ahead, gleaming through the darkness. Just as Brandon was about to take the bearings of it, it was seen no more!

"Singular!" exclaimed Warlock, "look sharp for it, men, again!"

It was no use: the light was not again seen!

"Of course not," muttered Burke, "it was some will-o'-the wisp! Them kind o' things is often around where there's Jony's!"

Crash! came a heavy sea at this juncture, rolling over the boat, and almost swamping it. There was a cracking sound, and it was soon discovered that the vessel had sprung a bad leak.

Burke plugged it up with his jacket, and some canvas, as well as he could, but the water still kept coming in so fast that one man was obliged to constantly bail out.

Toward morning the gale abated, and now a thick fog settled upon the sea.

"Fog—gale—leak?" muttered a Kanaka, between his teeth. "What else expec' with Jonah?"

A warning murmur, circulating among his shipmates, proclaimed that they shared his feelings. Brandon scowled fiercely, his one eye blazing with a threatening expression.

When night came, the wind had hauled round, and the cutter was running along close-hauled. One of the Kanakas remarking that they might as well return to the ship, while the wind was fair, was overheard by the rest. Instantly whispers were exchanged.

"Come now, no mutiny, mates!" exclaimed Burke.

Even as he spoke, however, the eight Kanakas and Portuguese, with one simultaneous cry, rose, brandishing their knives, and prepared for a rush upon Brandon.

"Kill! kill!" they exclaimed. "Jonah must die! No good-luck while here."

Brandon's eye *shot* fire. He drew a revolver, and quietly pointed it at the head of the man nearest to him.

"Advance one step, and you are a dead dog!"

Warlock, who was also armed, stood ready to assist his father-in-law. Burke also drew his knife to assist the whites; but Punk, slipping over the boat's gunwale as quickly and easily as a greased barrel, held on to the bow with both hands, keeping his head out of sight as much as possible.

Two resolute men, well armed, can accomplish much. The mutineers sullenly sat down, and as sullenly promised not to make another attempt. This promise Brandon forced from them under the very muzzle of his revolver.

Soon after a pair of long legs flew up into the boat with a flapping sound. They were Punk's, as their worthy owner drew himself back into the cutter.

Nearly at the same moment the light was again seen, this time bearing far away off the lee-bow. It continued burning steadily for about twenty minutes, when it was extinguished. Brandon had now taken the bearings of it, and directed his boat toward it. He kept steadily along on his new course until daylight, when the boat's bow was heard to strike against something. The vessel was brought up into the wind, and

now stooping, old Burke fished up an oar from the sea. It had a blue band about the middle, and the letter A upon the handle, near the top.

"One of our oars!" exclaimed the old seaman. "That oar came from the waist-boat."

"Ay, ay!" cried Brandon, joyfully, "from my boat. We are on the right track, Warlock, thank heaven!"

An hour after, a fog-bank ahead clearing, land was discovered about a league distant. It was a mere strip, resembling one gray rock, apparently containing neither vegetation nor water.

Burke sprung upon the bow, scrutinizing it closely.

"There's something on it!" he exclaimed, "but whether they be birds or what, is more'n I can tell, so far off!"

"To your oars, men!" howled Brandon. "Something tells me that we will there find those we seek."

The boat, beneath the strokes of the seamen, aided by the mainsail, seemed fairly to jump.

It soon was within twenty fathoms of the desert-island, which now was discovered to be not over one hundred yards in length and about twenty-five in breadth. It was evidently of volcanic origin, was composed of rugged masses of light-colored, porous rock, through which the wind blowing, produced a weird, singular harmony, something like that made by hollow reeds. The men looked sharp, but could see no living object upon the island, although Burke insisted that his eyes had not deceived him.

Meanwhile the cutter roared on her way, until within about ten fathoms of the shore, when there was a crash, the timbers of the boat parted, and over she went, spilling out her occupants upon a submerged rock. Punk fell upon his head, his long legs projecting far up in the air. When with the rest he regained his balance, he almost gasped in his terror. Brandon, however, soon quieted his fears with the assurance that the water was not much more than ankle deep, between the sunken rock and the shore. He ordered the men to drag the wreck with them to land.

"Now," exclaimed Warlock, when they were ashore, "all hope of finding my bride is at an end!"

He sat down, bowing his face on his hands, when he was

roused by an exclamation from Burke, who had climbed an elevated spur, and now stood, pointing toward the other side of the island.

All hands were soon on the rock, when, sure enough, they beheld the wreck of a boat, lying in a miniature bay, formed by a curve in the shore. They hastened to it, and discovered that it was the *waist-boat* of the Albatross, the one which the Tartar had made off with. Brandon and Warlock exchanged glances, turning deathly pale. To them it now seemed plain that the girl and her abductor had been lost in the late gale, after which the fragments of the boat had drifted ashore.

While indulging this gloomy reflection, they noticed that a Kanaka, who had not followed them, was stooping upon his hands and knees, about the center of the island, evidently watching something he had discovered, with the most eager attention. Soon he sprung up, and his shipmates saw him motioning to them. They hurried to the spot, which was a high rock of rough, conical shape, with an opening in the top. Peering through this opening, Brandon now beheld the two persons he and Warlock were in search of, *Mary and the Tartar*, far down beneath them in a rocky chamber, the entrance to which evidently was in the side of the rock.

Brandon and Warlock were not long in discovering this entrance; it was in the side of the rock facing the sea, and was just large enough to admit a human body. The interior of the passage was blackened from top to bottom, betokening that the roaring flames of a terrific volcano had once passed through it, and formed an outlet at the opening or crater at the top.

Hurrying along the passage, Warlock and Brandon soon were in the rocky cell containing the objects of their search. Mary was seated in one corner of the apartment, weeping and sobbing, while, not far from her, stood Tamerlane, leaning against the side of the cave, his arms folded over his breast, his eyes downcast. Both turned on hearing the footsteps of the new-comers.

"My husband! Thank God!" exclaimed Mary, springing up and rushing toward him.

The young man, however, having made straight for the

Tartar, she missed him, and was caught in her father's arms.

"Speak! my child, tell me what this means? Your going off—"

He checked himself, as a savage cry ran through the cave. Warlock had caught the Tartar by the throat, and the man of the coast, with an exclamation of rage, had drawn his knife. Burke interposed, and several of the Portuguese assisted in tearing the two apart.

"Make him fast! Bind his hands!" exclaimed Warlock.

Tamerlane struggled fiercely, but in a short time he was a bound and helpless prisoner.

Then, turning to his bride, Warlock, holding out his arms, received her upon his bosom.

Explanations followed. Mary had thrown herself down without undressing, and fallen into a sleep on the night of her disappearance, when she was suddenly wakened to find herself in the arms of a man. Bewildered, thinking that a serious catastrophe had happened, she thought at first that the man who held her was her husband, come to rescue her from some impending peril. Soon, however, she discovered her mistake; the light of the lantern in the state-room, falling upon the form of the person who held her, revealed Tamerlane. She was about to scream out, when, putting a hand over her mouth, he leaped with her out of the cabin window — those in the Albatross were unusually large — into the whale-boat astern, and the next moment she felt the boat gliding out to sea in the current, which, at low water, took that direction from the island.

When out of sight of the ship, Tamerlane released his prisoner, telling her that he loved her, and begging her not to object going with him to some distant island, where he said they could both be happy.

She replied by cries for help, but all to no purpose. She was too far from the ship to be heard.

Then Tamerlane said that he hoped he could make her love him after a while. He took his place at the steering-oar, and his manner was, from that moment, perfectly respectful to her. He did not even offer to touch or kiss her hand.

Next morning, land and ship were out of sight, but Mary looked eagerly for a sail, hoping that she might be picked up, and thus rescued from her captor. No sail came in sight; she refused to eat a mouthful, begging her captor, as she had begged him from the first, to take her back to the ship. He refused, keeping the boat on her course until night, when a gale came up, almost swamping the light vessel. It was about the middle of the night, she judged, when there was a crash, as the whale-boat struck upon a rock, and was broken to fragments. The Tartar seized her in a firm grasp, and waded with her to this island. He then struck a light in the boat lantern, which he had contrived to save, and discovered the cave, into which he urged his prisoner. Here he had left her alone to go in search of food, and to secure, if possible, some of the provisions which had fallen out of the boat.

He did not return until morning, when he presented himself with a bag of sea-biscuits, which he had found, and begged her to partake of the food.

CHAPTER IX.

PERIL.

BRANDON now stepped to the Tartar's side.

"Young man," said he, "you have acted in a strange manner. Did you not know it was wrong to make off with my daughter, the wife of a man whom she tenderly loves?"

"Wrong, no!" commenced Tamerlane emphatically. "Perhaps you white men call it so, but my tribe, when they want girl, take her—carry her away. From the first moment I saw the white girl, I love. I love her hair, more bright and shining than the ocean grass—I love her eyes that sparkle like the bright pebble in the white sand—I love all—all of the beautiful sea-girl."

Mary heard these words; her husband was pained to see her smile.

"What!" he exclaimed, "can you feel thus toward him, after the way he has treated you?"

Tears came to the eyes of the young bride.

"Before I married you, Harry," she said, "I told you that Tamerlane had over me an influence for which I could not account."

"I know you did," he answered, sighing.

Brandon, meanwhile, fixing his one eye sternly on the Tar-tar, said :

"Behave yourself hereafter; know that what you did was wrong, and never undertake it again."

"No, I will not promise. If I have chance I carry sea-girl away. Perhaps learn to love me in time," he added, thoughtfully.

Brandon was a quick-tempered man, and, for the moment, his indignation mastered him. He raised his fist to strike Tamerlane, when, meeting the latter's glance, a strange, unaccountable feeling came over him, and the hand dropped powerless at his side.

Astonished at himself, he walked musingly away. He was still thinking, when upon his shoulder he felt a light touch, and turning beheld his daughter.

"Well, papa," she said, "had we not better set about our return to the ship at once?"

Brandon started. There could be no return to the ship until a boat was provided. He informed Mary of the destruction of the cutter.

"What can we do?" she inquired, turning pale.

Brandon mused a moment, then beckoned to Warlock, who promptly came.

"Do you think we could fashion, with the remains of the whale-boat, any kind of a conveyance on which we could get to the ship?"

Warlock reflected a few minutes, then announced that he thought a sort of raft large enough to safely contain one person, might be made, with a sail to waft it along. Brandon was of the same opinion, and advised that they should at once go to work. They did so, and by noon a raft with a sail had been fashioned, secured with strong ropes, from one or two casks which had been brought away in the cutter.

"A queer craft, this," said Tom Burke; "one upon which I'd not like to ventur'."

"You will not be asked to," said Brandon. "I intend to go myself; with my compass, I think I may contrive to reach the ship, when I can make known the situation of those I leave behind me, and bring the vessel to their rescue."

"That'll never be!" muttered Burke, solemnly; "a Jony will never succeed in such a v'yage."

"You had better let *me* go," said Warlock; "I am not afraid but what I could eventually reach the ship."

"No, I must be the one to go. I have given you my daughter, and I have therefore no person who would much grieve if I were lost. It is best that I should go."

"Papa, dear, dear papa!" exclaimed Mary, tears springing to her eyes, "how can you speak thus? You know that I should never cease to mourn your loss."

Brandon kissed her; then reiterated his determination to go. His daughter endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, saying that she thought it best for all to remain on the little isle and stand a chance of being picked up; but he was firm.

The wind being fresh and fair, and the weather clear, at present, he thought it best to set out at once, especially as the party had not provisions enough to last them over a week.

"Why not take this chap with ye, sir?" inquired Burke, indicating Punk. The latter, on hearing these words, suddenly made a grimace and complained of a terrible pain in his stomach. Burke smiled grimly, so did Brandon, who declared that he would prefer to make his voyage alone.

"Ay, ay, now, sir; shiver me, but I'd just as lief go with you as not!" exclaimed Punk, suddenly brightening up.

"I don't want you," answered Brandon, dryly, at the same time looking wistfully at the long legs, as if thinking they would make an excellent pair of paddles.

Soon he was ready to depart. He shook hands with Warlock and embraced his daughter, then, stepping upon the raft, set sail.

Leaning upon the bosom of Warlock, no less affected than herself, Mary, with the rest of the party, watched the

lessening sail until it was a mere speck; the next minute it was veiled in a light mist.

Burke, moving off with Kanakas and Portuguese, shook his head, gloomily.

"No good luck will come of *his* going. In my opinion we'll never see the Albatross again."

Punk, following behind, overheard the remark, and trembled with vague apprehensions.

Entering the cave the party, several hours after, partook of a slight repast, consisting of sea-biscuit—three apiece—and a cup of cold water.

When Tamerlane's share was put before him, he refused to eat.

"Never eat while prisoner," he answered, haughtily.
"Rather starve!"

Warlock, with ready chivalry, at once drew his sheath-knife, and severed the cords that bound the young man.

"Thank," answered the chief, gravely, and at once proceeded to eat.

Toward night some spare rolls of canvas were brought into the cave, which was then partitioned off by a screen for the accommodation of Mary. A bed was also made for her, of the same material, with two or three pea-jackets, willingly provided by some of the crew.

The whole party, with the exception of Tamerlane, who roved gloomily about the little island all night, slept well, waking at daylight much refreshed.

They were preparing breakfast, when Burke, who had been out since he waked, returned to the cave, looking very gloomy. When the breakfast was portioned out, he scarcely ate his share, but seemed continually brooding upon some disagreeable subject.

Warlock asked him what was the matter, and Mary's anxious, questioning glance was turned toward him.

Then the old tar, suddenly seeming to brighten up, answered: "Nothing!"

Warlock, however, watching him closely, was certain that something had happened to disturb him. After breakfast he rose and stepped out of the cave with Mary. They had not proceeded far, when Burke touched the mate on the shoulder.

"I'd jist like to speak with ye a minute," said he.

Warlock stepped aside with him, when the old tar, glancing toward the east side of the island, said, in a whisper:

"You've seen, I suppose, sir, what I've seen, about the *formination* of the rocks, there by the coast?"

"Certainly," answered Warlock, who had observed that the rock in question rose gradually from the edge of the sea, or water-line, into ridges resembling the waves. These ridges were five in number, rising one above the other, to a height not quite equal to that of the conical rock in the center of the isle.

"Well, sir," whispered Burke, "I can swear that when we first came ashore here, them ridges *number six*."

"What? Are you sure of that? Perhaps you were mistaken?"

"No sir; I counted 'em exact. There *was* six; now there's but five; *one has been overflowed by the tide since our coming here!*"

Warlock could not help feeling uneasy at this information. He had often heard of volcanic islands disappearing in a mysterious manner. Was not this one destined to the same fate?

He walked to the sea-side with Burke, and examined the ridges closely.

The water now was nearly half a foot above the one submerged, and half way up to the next.

"Perhaps," said the mate, "that the tide here advances and recedes. We can ascertain that by coming here toward night, and taking another look."

"Ay, ay," answered Burke, "and we'll find it the way we most dislikes to have it. The Jony is at the bottom of all our trouble?"

"Nonsense! And now, above all, Burke, let me caution you, neither by word nor sign, to permit Mary or any of the rest to know of this."

"Sartainly not," replied Burke; "although all must *find* it out, sooner or later. In my opinion, sir, the island is doomed, and our being saved depends on whether we be picked up or not."

When Warlock joined Mary, she, with natural curiosity, showed a desire to know what the two had been saying.

The mate answered with all the composure he could master, that they had been noticing the curious formation of the rock near the sea-side.

"Oh, is that all?" she said, gayly. "I thought by Burke's gloomy manner, that some terrible discovery was made."

Warlock laughed a forced laugh, and turned the conversation.

Toward night he and Burke again repaired to the sea-side, when their worst fears were confirmed.

The fifth ridge from the top was overflowed. **THERE WERE BUT FOUR RIDGES REMAINING.**

The mate and the old sailor sat watching the tide, gradually making its way toward the next ridge, with feelings that may be imagined. They returned to the cave, and threw themselves down, but not to sleep.

It was now plain that the island must, in a few days, be overflowed.

Brandon would not reach the ship, if he should reach it at all, within three days. Three more would be occupied in the vessel's getting to the castaways. This would make six days, and there were but four ridges remaining, one ridge a day to be submerged.

The only chance for the party, was, therefore, their being picked up by some strange vessel.

Warlock was resolved to have a good lookout kept, day and night. He posted a man upon the conical rock, and also hoisted a staff for a signal. The boat-lanterns he ordered to be kept burning throughout the night, as the light, streaming up through the crater in the top of the cave, might attract some passing vessel to the spot.

"Why all this anxiety—these preparations?" inquired Mary. "Are you afraid that papa will not come back?"

Warlock endeavored to turn the conversation, and succeeded; but Mary's mind still remained uneasy. She felt that there was something—some peculiar peril—the knowledge of which was concealed from her.

On the next day, another inspection of the ridges showed **BUT THREE REMAINING!**

Warlock was leaning over to examine the overflowed ridge, when he thought he could see something shining upon

it. He stooped, securing it, and discovered that it was a little miniature in ivory, disclosing the features of a beautiful woman.

It struck the mate that he had seen that face before, though where he could not determine ; the lineaments were certainly not altogether strange to him, and he continued vainly to rack his brain to remember where they had met his vision.

How came the miniature there ? Certainly it could not belong to any of the castaways.

While Warlock still was examining it, Tamerlane came and claimed it.

"Mine!" he said ; "dropped last night while washing here, and could not find. Glad find," he added, as Warlock gave it to him. "Old man—old friend—Tartar, my father, give it to me."

So saying, he turned and walked away.

Punk now made his appearance from the cave, followed by all the Kanakas and Portuguese. One of the latter had, for the first time since coming on the island, discovered that morning, that the ridges were being overflowed !

He had immediately repaired to the cave with the news, the result of which was the appearance of the whole party, as mentioned.

Punk was almost wild with fright. He asked Warlock, again and again, if he thought they would be picked up before the island should be overflowed.

Mary soon came to the sea-side. She was very pale, and threw herself upon her husband's bosom.

"I knew you were keeping some terrible secret from me !" she exclaimed.

Then she looked up, calmly.

"I can bear the news as well as the rest," she said, seeing the agony, on her account, upon Warlock's face. "I am not frightened, for I hope."

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am," said old Burke, "I don't think there's much hope, seein' as a Jony is consarned in the biness. But for that we might stand a chance of bein' picked up."

At this Kanakas and Portuguese began talking and gestulating wildly. Everybody had something to say about the

impending peril except Tamerlane, who stood with an indifferent air, his arms folded over his bosom, gazing far out to sea.

Next morning there were but TWO RIDGES REMAINING !

Warlock set his men to work, forming, with a large stone and some canvas, a "plug" for the lower entrance of the cave, one which would be perfectly water-tight, and thus keep out the waves, when the isle should be overflowed. When the stone was ready it required four men to shove it against the opening. It fitted well, and the cracks being carefully stopped up with canvas, the cave was rendered watertight.

Among other articles mentioned as brought away in the cutter, and which had been saved when the vessel was stoven, were several large coils of good strong rope. There was one coil remaining after Brandon had formed his raft, and this now was found very useful. A good, strong rope-ladder was made, leading from the floor of the cave to the crater or opening in the top, which, being large enough to admit a man's body, now served as an entrance to the apartment. This aperture must be left open at all hazards, to supply fresh air to those in the cave. Eventually, however, the sea must mount to the crater, and pour in sheeted torrents into the cell, which it would fill in less than a quarter of an hour !

The stopping up of the *lower* entrance would therefore be but a postponement, perhaps of twenty-four hours, of the fate of the party, who, unless picked up before the dreaded moment, were all doomed to perish !

One—two days passed in hopeless expectation. THE LAST RIDGE NOW HAD OVERFLOWED, and the man seated on the lookout saw all round him nothing but water, and felt his feet submerged every time a long rolling sea struck the conical spur of rock, upon which he was seated.

The heavens grew dark; a gale came howling down upon the sea. The waves rolled higher and higher every moment, the spray flying through the opening in the top of the rock, into the cave below.

It fell upon the bright tresses of Mary's hair, as she nestled upon her husband's breast. She was pale and sad, yet she endeavored to bear up with becoming fortitude, while sea

after sea dashed its thunder against the rock, and she heard the wind's terrific howling.

Louder and wilder raged the storm every moment. Sobs rent the bosom of the young wife, as she drew closer and closer to Warlock.

"Do you see any thing yet?—any sign of a sail?" queried the mate of Tom Burke, who now was on the lookout.

The gloomy reply of the old tar came grating harshly upon the ears of all the eager listeners.

"None! Nothing but hungry-looking sea-birds that's circling and circling round above me. God help us all, sir!"

Mary shuddered. The dusky Kanakas fell upon their faces, shrieking madly; the Portuguese upon their knees, praying to their favorite saints.

Tamerlane alone stood in the center of the cave, apparently unmoved; indifferent.

"What life without love?" he muttered, more than once. "Who cares?"

Boong! cr-r-rash—swash! boom! boom! boom! came the seas above.

Burke suddenly descended half way down the ladder, as a great wall of water flew over the crater, sending a perfect torrent into the cave.

Night soon darkened round the submerged isle, and the light from the two lanterns, burning in the cell, streamed luridly into the air. The gale had abated a little, but the water had now climbed more than half way up the conical rock.

There was no doubt that before morning it would be within an inch of the opening; ONLY ONE INCH OF ROCK between the castaways and eternity!

The people in the cave passed a miserable night. The wild ravings of the Kanakas continued, and Mary heard her father cursed again and again by the islanders as a Jonah, as the cause of all their misfortunes.

Their wild eyes were turned up toward the opening, while the Portuguese now ran hither and thither, alternately praying and howling like wild beasts.

Up rose Warlock, straight as a dart, with one arm supporting Mary.

"Hush!" he exclaimed, sternly. "If we must die, let us die like men!"

This calmed the tumult a little, but when morning came, and Burke descended into the cave, with the information that the waves now rose within two inches of the opening, the clamor was recommenced.

Some of the men looked round them eagerly for a piece of wood to which they might lash themselves, and then launch out, adrift upon the wide sea, as a last chance of being picked up. They looked in vain; all the wood, except the staff-pole, had been used for the formation of Brandon's raft, and not a chip was left.

"Men!" exclaimed Warlock, "we have remained here as long as there was a chance. But we must now leave this place, and trust ourselves to the sea, without support of any kind, except that afforded by our own arms. I believe you all can swim."

Punk, who had remained the very picture of abject terror, crouching in a corner, now rose, exclaiming that *he* was but an indifferent swimmer, and begging some person to take him in charge.

No heed was paid to him. One after the other emerged through the opening in the top of the cave, and threw himself into the sea, swimming away from the crater. Warlock, with Mary, was the last man, except the Tartar, who had not yet moved.

"Go," said the mate, pointing to the opening.

"You first," answered Tamerlane. "Go first."

Perceiving that he could not change the other's purpose, Warlock took his wife by the hand, and conducted her up the ladder. Just as he emerged through the opening, a fog-bank, which for some time had obscured the water about a mile off, lifting like a curtain, revealed the HULL AND SPARS OF A SHIP!

Those in the sea also beheld it, and set up a wild shout that rose to the very heavens, distinctly above the howling of the wind and the clashing of the waves.

Soon a sea ahead of the ship, lifting, revealed a boat advancing, her crew pulling like mad.

Warlock waved his handkerchief, to hurry them along;

they came nearer every moment, finally picked up the swimmers, and, just as the water had risen to within half an inch of the crater, Mary was clasped to the bosom of her father, and Warlock was shaking hands with Captain Blake!

"Pull ahead!" howled the skipper. "There's danger here, boys, when the sea pours through that opening—a perfect whirlpool!"

The men laid to their oars with a will, and were but twenty fathoms from the crater, when through it the water rushed with the rumbling din of hollow thunder!

The gurgling and roaring continued for about ten minutes; then, a huge bubble rising as the cave was filled, marked for an instant the grave of the little island! The next moment the bubble burst, and no sign remained to show the location of the lost isle, over which the everlasting surges rolled, booming on, as if nothing had happened. Explanations were soon finished, by which time the party were aboard ship. Tamerlane and Warlock both assisted Mary to mount to the deck, which she had scarcely reached when the hardships and excitement she had undergone, having proved too much for her, she fell senseless against the rail. Tamerlane sprung to seize her in his arms, but Warlock pushed him aside, interposing his own person.

Before either could touch the girl, Brandon, having been nearest to her, picked her up to convey her into the companionway.

"Dog!" exclaimed the Tartar, addressing himself to Warlock, "why you interfere?"

"Out of the way!" cried the mate, indignantly, pushing aside the young man who blocked his passage to the cabin.

The Tartar caught him by the throat; a fierce struggle ensued, which was ended by the mate dealing Tamerlane a blow upon the head which knocked him senseless. He lay upon the deck motionless, and for an instant all the spectators believed he had received his death blow.

"No, he lives! he lives!" exclaimed Dalton, the minister, putting his hand upon the heart of the prostrate man. "Loosen his shirt, so that he may breathe freely, and he will recover!"

The shirt was pulled away from the Tartar's chest, revealing

shoulders and bosom of matchless proportions, and as white as snow.

Upon the left shoulder, Brandon—who, having seen his daughter revived, had now come up to look for Warlock, upon whose name she called—beheld an object that seemed to hold him spell-bound to the deck!

It was a BLUE ANCHOR, tattooed in India ink, beneath which were the letters W. C. !

A moment the second-mate stood, gazing upon the mark; then, as the young man opened his eyes, and raised himself upon his elbow, the officer threw himself upon his knees by his side, clasping him in his arms and exclaiming :

"My son! my son! my long lost son! My little WILL!"

While the bewildered crew crowded the quarter-deck, the captain picked up something, which during his struggle the supposed Tartar had dropped.

"Ay! ay!" he exclaimed. "I know *that* face well enough! It is the face of Brandon's wife, lost years ago!"

Brandon took the little miniature, and covered it with kisses. He had seen his wife hang it round Will's neck, just previous to the parting at the Sandwich Islands.

"Tell me! tell me, my boy!" he exclaimed, after he had made explanations to the Tartar: "tell me where she is—the original of this picture—your mother!"

"I know not," answered Will. "The old man who brought me up, and who never permitted me to know that I was not his own son, informed me when he gave me this miniature, that he had taken it from the neck of a woman, whom he found years before lying dead on the sea-beach, after a great storm."

"Ay! I see how it was!" exclaimed Brandon, sorrowfully. "*She* was killed, perhaps before, perhaps not until after being dashed up against the rocks, whither she was washed from the wreck; but her care of *you*, my boy, her care to the very last, was what saved *your* life! You were found by the old man, the Tartar. I see it all now, and were brought up by him as his own son, to be afterward made chief of his tribe!"

So saying, he led the young man into the cabin.

"Embrace him, Mary. Warlock need not be jealous now;

the boy's influence over you and me is accounted for: embrace him, I say, he is your brother!"

Explanations were soon made, and brother and sister were folded in each other's arms.

"I told you," said the surprised and overjoyed bride, as she encircled her husband's neck, "I told you that this man's influence was nothing to trouble you—was far different from yours!"

"Ay!" exclaimed Blake, now entering. "Shake hands, Will, with your brother-in-law, for, in my opinion, it was the way in which he lashed you to the spar, on that terrible day aboard the storm-wrecked Griffin, that was the means of your life being saved!"

The two men cordially shook hands, and were sworn friends from that moment.

Punk was so overjoyed at his safe delivery, and the singular discovery which had just been made aft, that he now commenced dancing a fandango, his long legs flying about like a windmill.

Dalton, observing him, came forward, and in the fullness of his heart, tossed him a piece of money.

"Get more tobacco!" said he.

"Thank your honor! Shiver me! Ahoy there, ahoy! *What's off the lee bimacle!* Stand to your guns, my hearties! Hooray! hooray! hooray!"

"Really," said Dalton, admiringly, as he moved his coat-tails up and down, "this is inspiring! Glory to God! for our gallant American tars!"

"Ay, glory it is! sure enough!" exclaimed old Burke, who, in spite of his superstitious belief that something would yet go wrong, as there was a Jonah concerned, could not now have worn a long face if it were to save his life.

There is little more to say.

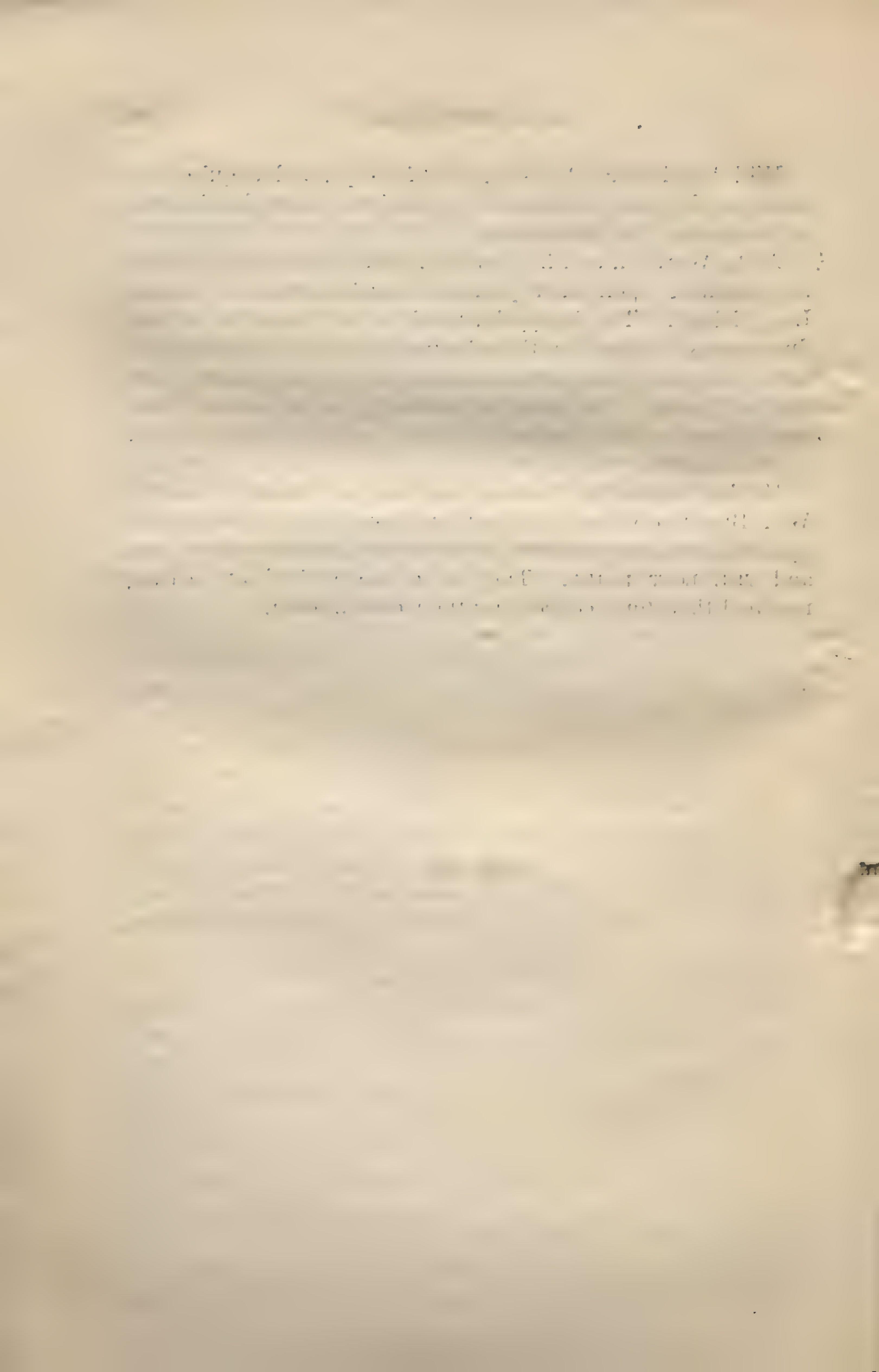
The Albatross, a week later, reached the Sandwich Islands, and proceeding north, after staying in port long enough to undergo thorough repairs, she met with good luck on the cruising-grounds, and in six months was homeward bound, a full ship; in due time she arrived safely, in New London Harbor, when, with part of his share of the profits, Brandon purchased a neat little cottage, where he and his son now reside.

Will has lost all his wild Tartar ways, and acquired an excellent English education. He will be married, I believe, in the course of a few months.

As to Warlock, and his beautiful bride, contentment smiles like sunshine upon their pleasant hearth-stone, in Flushing, Long Island. The happy husband is the owner of several fine vessels, engaged in the whaling-trade, and is doing very well. His wife has persuaded him to give up the sea, and take to farming; but, since his marriage, he has several times paid a visit to the Sandwich Islands and others of his old Pacific haunts.

He has three fine, healthy children, to whom, whenever Will Brandon visits his sister, he shows the BLUE ANCHOR upon his arm, and answers their many questions about that and THE LOST BRIDE. They never seem tired of hearing repeated this story, concerning their own mother.

THE END



BEADLE'S DIME NOVEL SERIAL.

QUEEN OF THE WOODS;

OR,

THE SHAWNEE CAPTIVE.

A ROMANCE OF THE OHIO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SILENT HUNTER."

The great power and beauty of the "Silent Hunter" will give to this new work, from the same writer's pen, an unusual interest. The "Queen of the Woods" is in plot, action and character, a work to charm all lovers of forest romance. Commenced in Beadle's Dime Novel No. 152 (THE PLANTER PIRATE, by CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,) and is in addition to our complete Novel. It will be continued in our regular issues, making a complete Novel and continued story for TEN CENTS.

Back numbers can be procured at any Newsdealers; or by sending to

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

No. 98 William Street, N. Y.

QUEEN OF THE WOODS.

CHAPTER XL.

GREAT MEDICINE.

Two days passed, and the town was thrown into excitement by the sudden appearance of Massaquoit, who entered the village in his costume of a medicine-man, accompanied by his henchman, Ned Harris, in the droll attire which he had worn upon his first entrance into the Shawnee town. The face of the Indian did not give any evidence of the fatigue which would seem to be the natural consequence of so long a journey as that he had just undertaken. Indeed, the strength and endurance of the man were wonderful. There is no race of men on the face of the earth gifted with greater powers of endurance than the red runner of the American forests, and Massaquoit was a noble type of his class. He entered by the same mountain-pass as that followed by Telonga and Girty, moving at a pace which tried even the fine physical powers of Ned Harris.

All the village turned out to meet them; indeed, it takes but little to rouse a crowd in an Indian town. All looked with curiosity at the new-comers in their fantastic attire, and especially at the supposed madman who followed Massaquoit about as a dog follows his master, dropping at his feet the moment he paused, and leaping up to join him the moment he moved.

Telonga greeted Massaquoit warmly, for the great chief had never given up the idea of joining the tribes in a concentrated effort to drive out the invaders. Moreover, he had some qualms of conscience in regard to the manner in which he had treated the medicine-man in the other village.

"My brother is welcome again. The trail is long from the great river; he will need food and drink. Let him follow Telonga."

As Massaquoit turned to follow,

his pupil was at his heels. Telonga looked at him in a questioning manner, and the runner spoke:

"Aleno follows in the steps of Massaquoit. Wherever the medicine-man goes, there Aleno goes also."

Telonga inclined his head, and the disguised man was allowed to proceed. They entered the chief's lodge; Telonga gave an order in a low tone to some women, who were near the entrance, and they disappeared. In a short time they returned, bearing food in large wooden dishes, which they set before Massaquoit and the chief. The food consisted of boiled corn and venison. A similar dish was given to Aleno; he took it with low mutterings of pleasure, and, sitting down in a corner, speedily disposed of it. The long trail had not been one upon which they could hunt with safety, and both Massaquoit and his friend were hungry, though the former took his meal in a sedate manner, as becoming a great chief, and the representative of the tribe of the Mohawks. The other chief took but a slight repast, and looked on with pleasure while Massaquoit finished his meal. This done, pipes were brought in, and a man was sent to ask Girty to join them. He came in, flushed with anger, from a visit to the lodge in which the two girls were confined. They had treated him in a very cavalier manner, especially annoying to him. Massaquoit looked up on his entrance, and it was with difficulty that Ned restrained himself from laying hands upon the monster.

"Where has my brother Girty been? Is the dark-hair more willing to keep the lodge-fire bright for him than she was last sun?" asked Telonga.

"Noshe ain't, chief," said Girty, "an', what's more, I don't believe she means to be."

"Let my brother have patience. When I said to him, do not make her come into your lodge unwil-

Hnly if by any means you can win her to come by kindness, Telonga meant to give his white brother good advice."

"I ain't goin' ter wait much longer nuther," said Girty, sullenly; "now mind that."

It was through the agency of Lealliwah that Edith had obtained a respite. She had begged of Telonga that he would use his influence with Girty to get a longer period of probation for the white prisoner, and he had asked Girty to wait. Indeed, there was little which the great chief would not do at her bidding; he was like wax in her hands, by reason of his great love.

"My brother must not forget that I am a brave," said Telonga, "and that I could force Lealliwah to go into my lodge before the time; but a great chief keeps his word. In two moons, and no sooner, the Queen of the Woods will be the bride of Telonga."

His swarthy face flushed with pleasure at the thought. There was a movement in the corner in which Ned Harris was sitting, and Girty glanced toward him.

"Who is that?" he demanded.

"It is the friend of Massaquoit. Touch him not; he is mad."

"What is he doin' yer?"

"He will not leave the side of his master; he is faithful to him. Let him remain."

The movement was caused by Ned Harris thrusting his hand into his bosom to seize the hilt of a knife. The desire was strong within him to spring upon Girty and stab him to the heart; but a warning gesture from the runner restrained him.

"Will my brother Girty take a white wife, then?" asked Massaquoit.

"Yes; I don't mind tellin' ye who it is, though, ef the truth must be told, ye consort tu much with white men for my likin'. It's Boone's darter."

"Daniel Boone's?"

"Yes; she's got tu be my wife before a week."

Again the hand of Aleno stole to his breast, and again a warning look from Massaquoit kept down his anger.

"Boone is a great hunter," said Massaquoit.

"We've got him fast enough; it's lucky for him I hadn't my way, or he'd never hev' got alive to Chillicothe. I don't see what our men gave him up to the British fer; he'd killed enough Shawnees, I reckon. Anyhow I've got my opinion, an' I don't believe he'll stay there a week."

"Have my red brothers taken many prisoners from the settlers?" asked Massaquoit.

"More'n they orter. I don't like this pris'ner bizness; I like to finish 'em right off. Ther's three men in these woods I'm jest aching ter git my hands on. I'll git 'em, too, some day, or my name ain't Simon Girty."

"Of whom does my brother speak?"

"Fust an' foremost, that's Ned Harris; I'll give it ter him, hot and heavy, if I ever ketch him ag'in. Then, there's a long Yankeo that calls hisself Nathan Hicks, the trader and spy; he's a real sneak, blast his picter; I'll fix his flint, tu. Last, an' not least, is the big hunter."

"Who has ever seen the big hunter?" asked Telonga. "Why does he hate Indians so? All red-men who come in his way die."

"My brother Girty has met the big hunter?" said Massaquoit, in a questioning tone.

"Onet; I don't want tu meet him face tu face neither; but I'd like tu shoot him from a bush—I'll du it, some time."

"My brother must be careful. The fame of the big hunter ranges far and wide along the border; not even that of Telonga or of Girty is heard so often. Let not my brother come in his way, if he can help it; he is swifter than the

eagle, he is stronger than the buffalo; all fall before his hand."

"I fear not the big hunter," said Telonga, proudly; "let him come forth and face me."

"My brother is very brave; but has he faced the lightning and struggled with the waterfall in its force? Then, let him think to meet the big hunter of the red-men."

The conversation branched off upon matters relating to the tribes, and Massaquoit listened quietly to the sophistry of the chief, as he showed the advantages of the tribes, in a rising which should reach from Florida to the great lakes. Although Massaquoit realized the impossibility of carrying out such a scheme, he knew better than to interpose any objection. He was waiting for an opportunity to find out who were the prisoners in the camp, and what likelihood there was of getting them free. At last, Telonga withdrew from the lodge to perform some duty, and Simon and Massaquoit were left alone together, while Aleno crouched in a corner.

"Thet's a strange lad ye've got with yer," said Simon; "whar did ye pick him up?"

"He came to me in the woods," said Massaquoit, "and he would go with me; I never saw him before."

"Why do you trust him?"

"Is he not mad?"

"So is my wife; an' I wouldn't trust her out of the reach of my hand for that very reason. Ef they know any seerets, a mad pusson, an' 'specially a woman, is sure to blab."

"Aleno knows none of the seerets of Massaquoit, Massaquoit knows none of his. I do not even know from whence he sprung. That is nothing to me; the Great Spirit sent him to me in the woods."

Simon gave an audible snuff of disapprobation. He did not believe in gifts of the Great Spirit.

Moreover, he did not like the expression of the eye of the idiot, as it fell upon him.

"I don't like the look of the feller's eye," said Simon. "Anyhow, I wouldn't trust him, ef ye du. But say: du ye know Boone's darter?"

"I have seen her at Booneville," said the Indian.

"Jess so. I allus said ye hed tu much tu du with the durned white men. I say it now; don't du it no more. 'Tain't right fur a man that ain't good enough to stay with the settlers at Booneville, stayin' with 'em at all. I ain't goin' tu du it for one. They ain't used me right, an' I'll pay 'em, one of these days."

"My brother has done something to the whites," said the Indian.

"I ain't done enuff. I ain't no ways satisfied. Come along. I want ye ter see this gal."

As they walked toward the lodge in which the girls were confined, Aleno rose and followed them.

"What's he comin' fur?" demanded Simon, angrily.

"He never leaves me," replied Massaquoit. "He can do no harm."

Simon looked as if he did not like the arrangement, but he said no more. The girls were sitting on a pile of skins, conversing in an eager manner with Lealliawah. They received the visit in considerable anger at first, and then, recognizing Massaquoit, both sprung to his side, clung to his hand, and entreated him to aid them.

"Massaquoit will do what he can," said the chief, quietly. "But, let the daughter of Boone remember that these are not my people, nor the Shawnee my tribe. I am a Mohawk."

"Thar," said Girty. "Now I hope yer satisfied. Ye can't git no help hyar. Du be r'asonable, gal. Make up yer mind I'm dead sure tu lev ye, so don't bother me any more."

"Your very presence here is an insult," cried Amy. "Leave us!"

"Simon better go some other place to get wife," said Lealliwah. "No wife here."

"Cuss ye, who told ye to jine in? I'd a hed her long ago ef it wa'n't fer ye. Didn't ye tell the chief not tu let me hev her? Say now, didn't ye?"

"Yes," said Lealliwah. "Do it again; no good man, Girty."

"I'm good enough tu make ye sorry ef ye don't stop thwartin' me, gal. I've stood all the nonsense from ye I'm goin' tu. So don't let's hear no more from ye. Du ye hear?"

"Simon Girty has forgotten to whom he speaks," said Lealliwah, rising in great anger. "I will go to the chief and ask him if the woman he has chosen for his wife is to be insulted by every white dog which chooses to bark at her. I will go to him."

"No. Hold on. I don't want ye tu du that. The chief an' I ain't so friendly ez we hev bin. Don't speak about it."

"Then why does Girty dare to threaten Lealliwah?" demanded the girl, in a shrill voice.

"I take it back, then. Ain't that fair enuff? I don't want tu quarrel with ye," added the renegade, in a fawning tone.

"Then why do you come here?" asked the Indian girl, still far from mollified. "Don't like you, Girty. Lily-faced girl don't like you either. S'pose you go away, let us alone, then we like you better."

"I ain't goin' away, then," replied Girty, sullenly. "This gal is mine. I bought her, an' I'm goin' tu keep her. Don't say nothin' ag'in' that, 'cause I ain't goin' tu stand it. Nuther the chief, nor yourself, nor any man in the Shawnee nation, hez got any right tu her. I paid enuff fer her, I guess."

A strange sound, half-way between a groan and an exclamation, drew their attention toward the

door. Aleno sat there, with his head buried on his knees, his frame agitated by a strange tremor. Massaquoit eyed him closely, fearing that the impulsive young man might break through his disguise, and, by some rash act, peril the safety of the enterprise. It was agony for the young man to hear the villain speak of that innocent girl as his wife. With the utmost difficulty he restrained the impulse to bury a knife to the hilt in his black heart, and then die, if die he must, destroying every foe he could. The Indian, more cool than he, had thus far restrained him by the magnetism of his eye, but he felt that if he remained much longer in the presence of Girty, he would find it impossible to restrain his companion.

Girty, angry at the opposition he was receiving on every hand, became more angry each moment. He cast fearful looks at the captive girls, and at Lealliwah.

"What's that chap growlin' about thar in the corner?" he asked. "Better keep still. Any person wud think he was a-dyin'. Durn him, I don't like him. He's got a pison, snaky kind of eye. I don't like him."

The liking in this case was certainly mutual. The wish in the heart of Harris was, "How I would like to kill the black dog!" He thought of the fearful scourging he had received, of the heated knives, of the hatchets and arrows, and his hands were convulsively clinched. At this moment they heard a fragment of a wild song. Every one looked up in surprise. Only Lealliwah and Simon recognized the voice.

"Curse her," muttered Simon, "I'll kill her yit."

"You never dare touch her, Girty," said Lealliwah. "You do, I kill you."

"She'd do it," said the villain. "She's got it in her heart tu murder me."

"Yes, do it sure, s'pose you hurt Eliza," said the girl.

CHAPTER XLI. THE BIRDS FLOWN!

The weird song never ceased; the curtain of the lodge was suddenly pushed aside, and the wife of Girty entered. She had never looked more like a maniac. Her hair, before this rugged and unkempt, now hung in a tangled mass about her face. Every lineament of her countenance was sharpened by pain and exposure. Yet, in spite of all, there was a happy smile upon her face, such as is often seen in those who suffer from diseases of the brain. The song she sung was an old ditty, such as they sung in the olden time.

"He is dead and gone, my darling,
He is dead and gone.
They laid him in the cold, cold ground,
At his head a stone.

"Oh, but your face was bonnie, darling,
Brown was your curling hair.
And your lips were red when they pressed my
cheek,
And your face was passing fair.

"They found you dead on the earth, my darling,
Dead by the purling stream;
As they drew the knife from your wounded
breast,
I caught its flashing sheen.

"Why should I weep for thee, darling,
Why should I weep for thee?
I have seen thee laid in the cold, cold grave,
Yet live when I'd die for thee."

The pathos with which she sung this rough melody was wonderful. Every heart was touched, except that of Girty. Every tone of her voice, every look of the wild eyes, filled him with rage. He made a stride toward her, and would have seized her by the arm, but her old protector was at hand. Lealliwah darted between them, and gave him a look which sent him to the other side of the lodge.

"She's my wife," he roared. "I kin du what I like with her, I reckon."

"No," said Lealliwah. "You let Eliza alone. Mine now, you turn her out of your lodge. Lealliwah will take care of her."

"Ha, ha," laughed the maniac. "That is Simon. I used to know Simon. He has blood on his hands always. Simon likes blood. I don't; it smells of mortality too much. Haugh! Did you ever go into a slaughter-house? The cabin where we lived used to smell like that, because Simon killed so many. Yes, Simon liked to kill."

"Keep her still, can't yo?" fiercely shouted the renegade; "ye claim her, don't ye? Take keer of her, I say; I ain't goin' tu hev her talkin' about me all the time."

"Eliza," said Lealliwah, softly, "you must come away, or Simon will be angry."

"I like to make him angry now; I used to be afraid to talk with him; I am not afraid any more; don't think I am. I mean to beat him some day, as he used to beat me; I don't feel blows now; I am not hungry or cold now, as I used to be before my head was so light. Oh, yes, it's pleasant to have only a few brains. Your servant, sir. I know you; you are called Massaquoit, the Mohawk. Find the young man Harris, and even a madwoman can show him where to find what he seeks. I know where Constance is."

"Tell me," said Lealliwah.

"Tell you! Ha, ha, ha! Tell you! That would be good! Do you know that is the funniest thing I ever heard in all my life; funny, funny, funny—oh, let me laugh! I never laughed when I was with Simon, you know; so I must laugh a little now."

Massaquoit again exchanged looks with the disguised young man. That single sentence from the madwoman's lips had done more to quiet his raging brain than any thing else could have done. Even the atrocities of Girty could not excite him now. The purpose of his life, the one solitary hope which had sustained him during his years of perilous adventure by flood and field, seemed to be near fruition. The mad-

woman, in her wild speech, had given him hope of the dawning of a brighter morning. From the days of his youth he had invested Constance Harding with attributes like those of no other woman. She was to be his, the wife of his bosom, the woman he could cherish, even to the end.

Such thoughts as these passed like the lightning-flash through the brain of Ned, as he crouched on the floor and bit pieces of straw, which he picked up, in simulated madness. Girty was in an agony of fear and rage. The secret, for the safety of which he would have killed his wife, now trembled on her lips. Only one thing kept him from breaking through the feeble guard of Lealliwah, and shooting down Eliza on the spot, and that was that she had said she would tell no one but Ned Harris. He never dreamed that the young man would make the attempt to penetrate the Valley of Cedars, and if he did, he had strong hopes that the terrible trial would overcome him.

Little did he dream that the painted idiot, croitching so near at hand, was the man he hated.

"Once fer all, Lealliwah," said the renegade, "this can't go on nohow; don't ask it. Yo kin see with half an eye that thar ain't no chinees for me, ef I give up to the whim of every woman thet comes in my way. Now, this is my wife, and she's talkin' things she ain't no business ter—things thet I want tu keep secret."

"Eliza shall not tell your secrets," said Lealliwah; "that is only right; but you shall not harm her."

Simon shook a threatening finger at the maniac, and went slowly out of the lodge, followed by Massaquoit. Lealliwah had stationed herself near the door, and, as Aleno passed out, she whispered in his ear:

"Be careful; I know you."

No start betrayed the surprise of the young man, and he follow-

ed Massaquoit as if nothing had been said. Lealliwah turned to her white friend with a smiling face:

"Hope now, good hope; some one come dis night, set you free, mebbe?"

Edith clasped her hands, and raised her mild eyes toward heaven. Amy's face flushed, and her dark orbs sparkled with joy:

"Who is it?" she whispered. "You no mine dat; good enough, dey come. Ain't Massaquoit here, friend to white man? Course he help you! Spose you hear some one make noise in lodge to-night, no be scare; some one help you, mebbe."

"I know who it is," said Edith; "she can not deceive me. It is Ned, brave Ned Harris; there is no other man at the settlement who would peril so much for his friends."

"Is it Ned?" asked Amy; "come, be good, tell us about it."

"You think Harris brave?" asked Lealliwah; "how you no love him, den? When Indian girl see brave young man, want him for herself. Telonga very brave, but not young. Like young chief best."

Amy laughed at this naive confession, and Lealliwah, taking the infection, also laughed heartily, with an abandon which was in itself a charming sight; her laugh rung out clear as the music of a silver bell, and even Edith caught the infection and began to laugh too. Lealliwah stopped suddenly.

"What you laugh at dere?" she said, in her charming broken English; knitting her pretty brows, and giving herself an appearance of intense anger; "spose you laugh at me, I be very mad! How can you do so, you so wicked girls?"

They only laughed the more heartily, and the three sat down together, and, winding their arms about each other's waists, they

laid their heads together until the moon came out in the sky.

The village was now quiet.

Not a sound broke the stillness of the pleasant valley. A sort of silver haze rested over all, showing in the distance the lofty mountain-ranges to the west, and near at hand, the peaks through whose defiles the valley was entered from the east. The pale rays of the moon fell on the silent village as serenely as if no thought of murder or bloodshed dwelt in the hearts of any who slept below.

There were some who did not sleep that night; one of these was Ned Harris. They had been lodged in the abode of Simon Girty; and, when Massaquoit lay down to rest, Ned coiled himself up like a faithful dog, at the feet of the chief. Girty cast a look slightly savoring of fear at him before he lay down to rest; but, thrusting away such shallow forebodings, he too lay down to sleep. Once he had looked toward the couch upon which his guests lay, and had seen the glittering eyes of Aleno, beaming in the darkness, fixed full upon him. He fell asleep at last, muttering invectives against those he hated. As his loud snore fell upon their ears, Massaquoit stirred slightly, and touched Ned Harris with his foot. The time for action had come.

Harris touched the foot of the other to signify that he was ready, but beyond that made no sign, and waited to assure himself that the sleep of Girty was not feigned. Being assured of this he rose slowly to his knee, and Massaquoit did the same. Each had drawn his knife, and held it in his mouth for convenience, as they crawled along the ground toward the sleeping man. A single ray of moonlight, streaming through a hole in the top of the lodge, fell upon his upturned face, and showed it, sullen, savage, dark, and full of venom.

Harris almost shuddered, as his glance fell upon that face. Some writer says truly, that, in sleep, the countenance of a man is an index of his character. In his waking moments he may mask his feelings well; but, when sleep touches the eyelids, the worldly man too falls asleep, and the real man is there.

There was something terribly repulsive in the countenance of Simon Girty; nature seldom stamped the image of Satan more plainly on a human face, and form. In sleep he was simply hideous. His mouth was open showing his protruding teeth. His bristling hair fell upon the bearskin which he used for a bolster. His great hand clutched the hilt of a knife, for, even as he slept, he thought of murder. Ned hesitated.

"Should he kill him?"

He thought of the words of Othello to Desdemona, "I would not kill thy soul." Had this wretch a soul to be saved? Was it not surely damned, marked for the pit, distorted, demon-like?

He raised the knife on high. As he did so, the man awoke. Quick as thought, the hand of Massaquoit fell upon his mouth, and the other hand upon his throat, holding it in a vice-like grasp.

"Speak above a whisper," said Harris, "and the knife is in your heart."

The villain was shivering with terror, and he made a sign to Massaquoit to take his hand from his throat. The Mohawk loosened his hold slightly, while Ned pressed the blade of his knife against the breast, so that he could feel the point.

"Take away your hand, Massaquoit," said Ned. "He will not dare to speak."

"Is that you, Ned Harris?" demanded the renegade.

"Never mind who it is," said Ned. "Here, Massaquoit, take the knife, and if he moves, give it to him."

"Ned hastily prepared a gag, which he thrust into the mouth of the renegade, who dared make no resistance. After this, they tied him firmly to the center-pole of the lodge, binding him in the manner known in the army as "backing."

"I think he is safe," said the young man. "Now, chief, let us go!"

Securing such arms and ammunition from the outlaw's full store as they required, they left the lodge and passed out into the open air. No one was in sight. Massaquoit proceeded to the lodge of Lealliwah and looked in. As he did so, some one took his hand and pulled him in. Harris followed. It was Lealliwah! She was fully dressed and evidently prepared for some enterprise. Her dark eyes sparkled with enthusiasm.

"Constance not here," she said. "Only Edit and Ami. Love them both. Wish I could keep dem always, dey so good. You come to save 'em, Harris?"

"Yes," said he, sadly. "I had hoped, however, from what the wife of Girty said, that I might be able to save the woman I seek, my never-forgotten Constance Harding. Alas that I seek in vain!"

He spoke in the Indian tongue.

"Not speak Shawnee, Harris. Lealliwah white girl, dis one day. Not know white talk very well; but talk it good deal. I know him by and by. Why you talk of Constance? She dead, mebbo! Eliza say no; but, Eliza mad. Poor Eliza."

Ah! yes; poor Eliza! Better that you had never been born than to have fallen into the hands of Simon Girty. Driven to drink by utter wretchedness, she had sunk lower and lower in the moral scale, until only in moments when the iron entered into her soul she remembered what she had been and what she was. For her, it seemed there could never

come the 'dawning' of a brighter and a better morning.

"Where is Eliza now?" whispered the young man, with his lips unceasingly close to the shell-like ear of Lealliwah. If it had been light enough, he would have seen the color mount into her cheek at the action. A half sigh escaped her.

"Come," she said. "You will go away. You will take away Edit and Ami. Perhaps you will find Constance and be happy, and poor Lealliwah will forget that she has been white girl for a day, and go into the lodge of Telonga."

"Nonsense," said Ned. "Don't do that."

"Lealliwah promised, if he would spare the life of Eliza, she would go into his lodge after two moons. An Indian girl never breaks her word."

"Be a white girl then! Do not go with him! Rather follow us to the settlements, turn your back upon this people, and live the life you are best fitted for. Edith and Amy would be your friends. There would be no more painful marches, no more sleeping under the trees within sound of the panther, no fighting, no work, save that of home."

The eyes of Lealliwah sparkled, as if pleased at the thought of such a home, but Massaquoit broke in on their conference.

"Won't do," he said. "No time for it. Work to do. Mus' take keer."

"Lealliwah goes wid you," she said. "You go out of village, quick as you can. I come to you soon, bring Edit and Ami. Dat all pris'ners dey got here."

They left her and walked quickly out on the trail toward the mountains. They had not been there ten minutes when the girl appeared, bringing with her the captive women. The horse-corral was on their way, and Lealliwah aided them in selecting seven of the fleetest and strongest animals in the inclosure. She then took

out her own horse and rode with them up the slope.

As they came on at a quick pace and entered the defiles of the mountain, Harris began to sing in a low voice, a song which he had often used as a signal. It brought a response; a dark form glided from the thicket and confronted them. It was the big hunter!

"Is that you, Ned?" he asked.

"All right," replied the young man. "I am here and we have got Edith Calloway and Amy Boone. As for Constance, alas! she is not here!"

The big hunter came forward and looked closely in the faces of the two rescued girls. "Young and comely," he said. "So was she. But the wretches did not spare her for that. Do not shrink from me, girls. I am a man whose life has not all been spent on the border. I once lived a civilized life, with home and loved ones around me; but those blessings were taken from me, and it would be a pleasure to me to lie down and rest in the silence of the grave."

"Who are you, strange man?" said Edith Calloway, in a wondering tone. "I am sorry for your woes."

"Like her, like her!" he murmured, as he turned to the Indian girl. "Come here; you, at least, do not fear me. Ah, how often have I let you pass by unharmed, not knowing why. Speak to me, sweet one. Tell me why I can not resist you, and why I am softened when I see your face?"

"I can not tell," said Lealliwah, giving him her hand. "Have you remembered the words I spoke to you that day, by the river. Have you lifted your rifle against a woman?"

"No," said he. "You had my promise, I have kept that promise, as I will keep any given to you. But, let us be on our way. Many a weary mile must be passed, and you will all be weary enough before we reach our journey's end."

"Lealliwah will go with you, and show a better way," she said. "The trail is not so long when an Indian shows it."

"The Indians will miss you," said the big hunter. "They will be revenged on you."

"S'pose they catch us? I your pris'ner, 'member?" said Lealliwah, laughing. "Now, come. Dere horse for you, big hunter. Dere nudder for you friend."

"Here Nathan," called the hunter. "Come out."

The down-easter emerged from the bushes. "How air yo gal?" he exclaimed, as he mounted the horse assigned to him, and the party moved away at a brisk pace. Nathan's horse, evidently unused to a civilized rider, showed its displeasure by sundry efforts to dislodge the Yankee which threatened to arouse the slumbering village. "Whoa, ye brute!"— "git up, ye Shawnee!"—united with the rider's peculiar tact in keeping his seat, soon subdued the restive animal, and all moved on.

The Indian girl rode in front. Just behind her came Ned Harris, next Amy, then Nathan; then Edith, then the big hunter, while Massaquoit, on foot, brought up the rear. On the levels they generally left the runner behind, but, on the upland, and in the heavy flats, he again caught them. Lealliwah pushed the march all night. She knew well that the Indians would pursue them at early morning. Every thing depended on the time gained before Telonga discovered the escape of the prisoners.

The party moved on. Little was said. Indeed, it was not a time for many words.

Morning came, and found them still upon the trail. They halted long enough to eat a hasty meal, and then once more hurried on.

To be concluded in Dime Novel No. 159, (THE SNOW BIRD,) in addition to a complete Novel

CATALOGUE OF BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS—Continued.

No. 66—The Hunter's Vow. A romance of early Ohio days. Here we have life in the woods, on the trail, in the village, with extreme vividness of characterization. The adventures of a bevy of hunters are told with most unequalled vivacity, and the odd nature of much of the story will not be its least pleasing feature.

No. 67—Indian Jim. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Rangers of the Mohawk," "Kent, the Ranger," "Oonomoo, the Huron," etc. The author has chosen for the theme of this story the Minnesota massacre of 1862, whose horrors thrilled the land with surprise and pity. The whole history of that savage uprising of Christianized Indians is given in a romance of startling interest and pathos.

No. 68—The Brigantine; or, Admiral Lowe's Last Cruise. By DECATUR PAULDING, U. S. N. Dutch New York, which has been immortalized in "Knickerbocker's" history, is reproduced to the life in this humorous, racy, romantic and refreshing romance. It is both a land and sea story, calculated to give satisfaction to all.

No. 69—Black Hollow; or the Dragoon's Bride. A tale of the Ramapo in 1779. By N. C. IRON, author of "The Unknown," etc. The existence of the brigands known as the "Ramapo Brothers" is a historic fact, which Mr. Iron has seized upon for the basis of a novel full of the spirit of '77. Many well-known characters are introduced; and the whole forms a very impressive, instructive and pleasing story.

No. 70—The Indian Queen. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mahaska," "Almo's Plot," "Esther," "Sybil Chase," "Myra," etc. In this fine work the author carries forward the character of Mahaska, [see No. 63], through her extraordinary career as queen of the Senecas. It is a strange, wild romance of Indian life, employing all the writer's best powers.

No. 71—The Lost Trail: A Legend of the Far West. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Seth Jones," "Forest Spy," "Hunter's Cabin," etc. Upper Minnesota, forty-four years ago, was mapped as an "unexplored region." Here we have the wild life of that beautiful and aboriginal land reproduced. A leading spirit of the drama is Teddy McFadden, an Irishman, whose adventures, blunders, etc., present an element of zest, unusual even in the author's previous popular works.

No. 72—The Moose Hunter. By JOHN NEAL. This romance of the Maine woods, by one of America's noted authors, is a very singular production. None who read it will be likely to forget it. The author has exceeded even his old power and originality in its production.

No. 73—The Silver Bugle; or the Indian Maid of St. Croix. By the author of "Quindaro," etc. A story of the late Indian war. Its pages are alive with the excitement of an extraordinary train of events. The beauty and strength of character of its leading actors, as well as the wild whirlwind of incidents, render the novel a favorite with all who relish a stirring production.

No. 74—The Cruiser of the Chesapeake; or, the Pride of the Nansemond. By Lieutenant ROBERT PHILLIPS, U. S. N. A tale of the year 1780, when Baltimore was

in possession of the British, and the odious "press-gang" was at its hideous work. The "Cruiser" performed prodigies of valor and strategy, and assisted materially to drive the hated foe from the land. As a story of sea and land, it combines many of the excellencies of Marryatt and Cooper.

No. 75—The Hunter's Escape. By the author of "Lost Trail," "Hunter's Cabin," "Oonomoo," "Bill Biddon," etc. This work reproduces the character of the missionary whose story was narrated in the "Lost Trail," and who lived to see the outbreak of the North-western Indians in 1860. The author portrays an episode so tinged with intense dramatic and personal interest as to render it a most absorbing and pleasing work.

No. 76—The Scout's Prize; or, The Old Dutch Blunderbuss. By HARRICK JOHNSTONE, Esq. Humor, vigor, strange adventure, and excitement of incident, all contribute to render this novel one of unfailing interest. It gives us the camp and heart-life of the heroes of '76.

No. 77.—Quindaro; or, the Heroine of Fort Laramie. By the author of "The Silver Bugle." Here we have the old Fort and its romantic history revived in a story of singular beauty. The author writes of what he knows, giving us such transcripts of life on the Plains as make the pulses beat the quicker.

No. 78—The Rival Scouts; or, the Forest Garrison. A story of the Siege and Fall of Fort Presq' Isle. By the author of "Oonomoo." While the author adheres closely to historical facts, the intense interest of the romance is not restricted on that account. The danger, daring, endurance and personal devotion of the forest rangers are depicted with startling power, while a beautiful red daughter of the forest crosses the stream of the story like a fair vision—adding beauty and pathos to it.

No. 79—The Schuylkill Rangers; or, the Bride of Valley Forge. A Tale of '77. By the author of "Quindaro," "Silver Bugle," etc. The terrible winter of '77, when the American army lay at Valley Forge, suffering not only for food but for clothing, the author has seized upon to weave the warp and woof of a very interesting and highly dramatic story.

No. 80—Eagle Eye; or, the Two Rangers. A Tale of the Fall of Fort Oswego. By W. J. HAMILTON. A forest pen-picture, full of power and exciting interest. A white man and an Onondaga Indian are friends, who most vividly recall Cooper's celebrated "Path-finder," and his friend the "Sarpent."

No. 81—The Two Hunters; or, the Canon Camp. A romance of the Santa Fe Trail. By Mrs. M. V. VICKER, author of "Gold Hunters," etc. Life in the Washita country, on the Red River of the South, is here delineated in the adventures of a quartette, who, for variety and originality, will challenge the admiration of every lover of what is spirited in characterization and graceful in narrative.

No. 82—The Mystic Canoe. By the author of "Rival Scouts." A most enticing and absorbing tale of the Forest and Lakes in the middle of the last century. It introduces several of the characters of the "Rival Scouts," who act leading parts in a drama of more than ordinary interest.

CATALOGUE OF BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS—Continued.

No. 83—The Golden Harpoon; or, Lost Among the Floes. A Story of the Whaling Grounds. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "On the Deep," "Cast Away," etc. A story of life on the Whaling Grounds, absorbing in interest. To the enticing interest of danger and adventure, it adds the ever-living interest of love and a lover's tribulations.

No. 84—The Seminole Chief; or, the Captives of the Kissimes. A Tale of the Indian War in Florida. By the author of "Silver Bugle," "Quindaro," etc. Wherein is introduced the celebrated Billy Bowlegs, in his romantic character of a highly civilized savage. It is a story of singular mystery and novelty. Its pictures of the Everglades are admirably drawn.

No. 85—The Fugitives; A Tale of the Wyoming Massacre. By the author of "Rival Scouts," "Mystic Canoe," "Nat Todd," etc. The commingled excitement, pathos and beauty of this novel will not fail to render it a favorite. Its pen-pictures of the forest are of unusual strength, and the story, filled as it is with the terrible excitement of a well-known historic event, is from the first, of absorbing personal interest.

No. 86—Red Plume, the Renegade. A Tale of the Blackfeet Country. By J. STANLEY HENDERSON, author of "Willing Captive," "Prairie Chick," etc., etc. Very vivid, fresh, and true to nature—not "sensational," but so graphic and stirring as to interest every reader, old and young. The story embraces a series of adventures in the country of the ferocious Blackfeet, while the graceful introduction of Indian and white "fair ones" adds to the romance the interest of the "grand passion."

No. 87—On the Deep. A Story of the Pacific. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "Golden Harpoon," "Cast Away," etc. A sea tale of marked interest and beauty, of a ship assailed by those terrors of the sea, the Malays. With the narrative of the ship's loss is a beautiful tale of love, in which a missionary's daughter plays a pleasing part.

No. 88—Captain Molly; or, the Heroines of Trenton. A Tale of the Revolution. By MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mad Hunter," "Ruth Margerie," etc. This capital romance tells the story of Washington's crossing the Delaware, and his victory at Trenton. It gives us a noble picture of the devotion and heroism of those days.

No. 89—Star Eyes; or, the Rangers of the Susquehanna. A Tale of the Old French-Indian War. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eagle Eye," etc. A capital story, by a capital novelist. In his forest characters and incidents he is, unquestionably, one of the best writers now catering for the public. His "Eagle Eye" is one of the most powerful novels in our series.

No. 90—Cast Away; or, the Island Bride. A romance of the "Enchanted Isles." By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "On the Deep," "Golden Harpoon," etc. It will be hard to choose, among sea and love stories, one more alive with the spirit of the waters and the passions of the heart than this really delectable production by a popular writer. We commend it to all in search of a good sea romance.

No. 91—The Lost Cache. A Tale of Hidden Treasure. By J. STANLEY HENDERSON, author of "Red Plume," etc. Something de-

cidedly new—a tale of the Crow country, wherein lies "Pike's Peak," and its wonderful gold deposits. A Crow captive first found the gold, cached it, escaped, returned to the country, etc. The novel tells how he didn't find his treasure, but did find something else quite as good.

No. 92—The Twin Scouts. A Story of the Old French War. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eagle Eye," etc. Two Scouts, each a counterpart of the other, whose exploits form the theme of a very pleasing romance.

No. 93—The Creole Sisters; or, the Mystery of the Perrys. By MRS. ANN E. PORTER. This lady writer is well known to American literature. Her tales are uniformly pure and deeply interesting. This story is one of absorbing and peculiar interest, full of that passion and mystery which tends to romance in its best elements.

No. 94—The Mad Skipper; or, the Cruise after the Maelstrom. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "Golden Harpoon," "Cast Away," "On the Deep," etc. A rather singular, and, withal, a very absorbing story, of a skipper whose passion was to run his ship into the Maelstrom. The play of plot and development of character are happy in the extreme, rendering the book one very delightful to peruse.

No. 95—Eph Peters. The Mohawk Valley Scout. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eagle Eye," "Twin Scouts," etc. The Old French-English War, in which the fierce Iroquois participated, is the time of this romance. Peters, the scout, is a man of the woods—bold, sagacious, good-humored and strong as a lion, and the novel illustrates his adventurous life in a peculiarly graphic, entertaining way.

No. 96—Little Moecasin; or, Along the Madawaska. A story of life and love in the Lumber Region. By JOHN NEAL, author of "Moose Hunter," etc. This title tells its own story. John Neal's is an eminent name in American literature, and this is truly one of his best productions.

No. 97—The Doomed Hunter. By JAMES L. BOWEN, author of "Scouting Dave," etc. This exciting tale illustrates a singular incident of forest experience, in which a brave young man is nearly hunted to death by his friends. The thread of a love story runs through it all, giving it a twofold interest.

No. 98—Ruth Harland. The Maid of Weathersfield. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eph Peters," etc. Here we have a beautiful pen-picture of frontier life, love and labor. The illustrations of primitive times and dangers are very stirring, and the romance, as such, a thoroughly good one.

No. 99—Overboard; or, the Double Cruise. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "Cast Away," "On the Deep," etc. Mr. S. is "every inch a sailor." No land-lubber could so daguerreotype sea life and ship-board experiences. This novel is readable—exceedingly so.

No. 100—Karaibö; or, the Outlaw's Fate. By J. STANLEY HENDERSON, author of "Prairie Chick," "The Lost Cache," etc. The "Lost Cache" introduced, as one of its disturbing elements, the renegade white chief of the Crows. In this story of the Sierra Nevada Hills, the reckless adventurer enacts a new role, that of guide and something else. The story is one of threefold interest, and will prove an enjoyable book.

The Life and Services of GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT,

ONE HUNDRED PAGES 12MO., COMPLETE. BY EDWARD WILLETT.

The volume comprises, as the title-page states, "The story of his early years; the record of his cadetship and experiences in the war with Mexico; the narrative of his 'business' operations; and a full history of his memorable services in the War for the Union."

Being long connected with the army, the author had ample means to know his man; and has produced what, by good judges, must be regarded as the best biography and life-photograph of General Grant now within reach at any price. Price TEN CENTS.

The Grant and Colfax Songster.

CONTENTS.

A big thing coming,
A doleful ballad,
A song for the times,
All hail to Ulysses,
America,
Andy J.,
Andy's prestidigitation,
Andy Veto,
Anthem of liberty,
Beautiful union,
Better times are coming,
Champagne Andy,
Columbia's call,
Fight it out on this line,
Flag of the constellation,
Following our leader,
General Grant's the man,
Granted,
Grant and Colfax coming,
Grant's marseilles,
Grant's the man,
Grant's visit to L. Branch,
Hurrah for the land we love
May God protect Columbia,
Marching through Georgia,

My country so dear,
My own native land,
Not if I knows it,
One flag or no flag,
On ! on ! on !
Our country and flag,
Our country's flag,
Our flag and union forever,
Our flag is there,
Our standard-bearer,
Rally of the veterans,
Red, white, and blue,
Riding to election,
Ring the bell, watchman,
See, the conquering hero,
Sherman's march to the sea
Shoulder to shoulder,
Song of the defenders,
Stand by Grant,
The banner of the free,
The battle-cry of freedom,
The big General,
The birth of our banner,
The column moving,
The flag of our union,

The great gunning-match,
The nation's choice,
The new red, white and blue
The song we sang upon the
old camp-ground,
The star-crested wagon,
The star-spangled banner,
The sword of Ulysses,
The tail iv me coat,
The union wagon,
The Yankee boy,
The year 1868,
Tramp ! tramp ! tramp !
Unfurl the glorious banner
Union forever,
U. S. G.,
U. S. Grant is the man,
Victory at last,
Victory's band,
Viva L'America,
We stand here united,
We'll go with Grant again,
We'll rally again,
Who shall rule this Ameri-
can nation.

THE PLANTER PIRATE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. (Dime Novel No. 152.)

The excitement of the chase and night-hunt in the forest and swamp are here portrayed in Mayne Reid's most thrilling style; while the quiet life of the plantation is held up in such marked contrast to the reckless boat-life on the Mississippi, that it can not fail to please all classes alike—male and female. Throughout the novel a love episode is being developed which gives to it a double interest. PRICE TEN CENTS.

The above books are for sale by all Newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price by the publishers.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers,

98 William and 41 Platt Streets, New York.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!

If you want delightful Tea Biscuit, Corn Bread, Muffins, or Pie Crust, use the

PIONEER YEAST POWDER!

which is now extensively used, and by the best Hotels and Pastry Cooks throughout the United States.

RECIPE FOR COTTAGE PUDDING.

Take one and a half teacupsful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, and two eggs; half a cup of milk, and two teaspoonsful of PIONEER YEAST POWDER, sifted in two cups of flour; put into a pan, and bake in a quick oven.

RECIPE FOR CORN BREAD.

Take one pint of good sweet Indian Meal, one teacupful of flour, and a little salt; sift these together with three small teaspoonsful of PIONEER YEAST POWDER; rub in a piece of sweet butter the size of an egg; add one pint of sweet milk, and two eggs, well beaten. A spoonful of sugar will improve it. Put into pans and bake in a quick oven.

Be sure, for success in the above receipts, to ask your grocer for the

Pioneer Yeast Powder!

being whiter and stronger than any other kind. Manufactured and for sale by

TAYLOR & YOUNG,

186 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK.

Manufacturers, also, of the unadulterated XX Pioneer Cream Tartar and Baking Soda, Soaps for domestic and export trades, Pioneer Soap, etc., etc.

E. THOMPSON & Co.,

SOLE AGENTS IN NEW ORLEANS.